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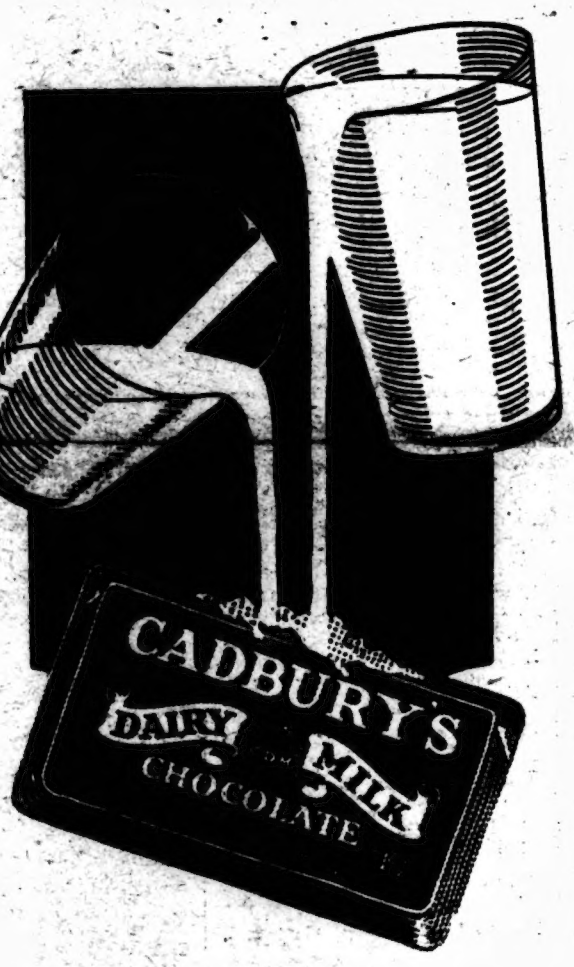
OVER A MILLION CERTIFIED SALE

1lb of milk in ½lb CADBURY'S MILK CHOCOLATE



There are 1½ glasses of English full-cream milk in every ½lb Cadbury's Milk Chocolate

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Please send me, without obligation, five specimen stories (each one complete) from the "20-Story" Magazine. I enclose 1½d. stamp.

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J.B. 7.4.28.

JOHN BULL'S

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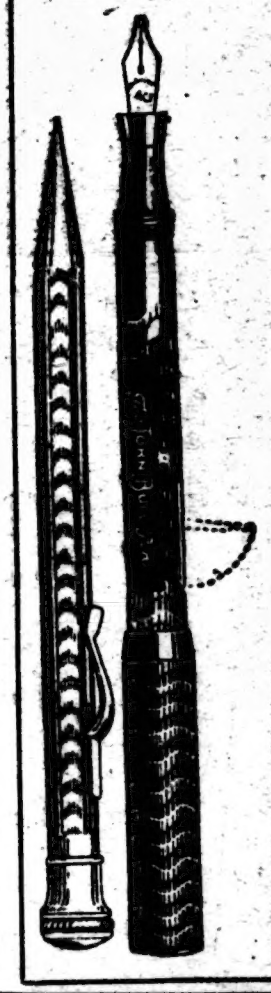

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NEWCASTLE.—Mrs. M. FORSTER, 24, Eden Street, Wallsend.
HERNE BAY.—Mr. A. E. DENYER, 7, Kingsbury Villas, Kings Road.
RAMSGATE.—Mr. S. ADAMS, 54, Alexandra Road.
NORWICH.—Mrs. S. M. Goulder, 76 Bolingbroke Road, Aylsham Road.
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TOTTENHAM, N. 17.—Mrs. A. WILKINSON, 25, Hemmingham Rd.
KINCARDINE, FIFE.—Mr. DAVID GRAHAM, 26, Keith Street.
BABBACOMBE, TORQUAY.—Mrs. A. GALLOWAY, 78, Babbacombe Road.
GLASGOW.—Mrs. M. STOREY, 53 North Street, Whiteinch.
HULL.—Mrs. G. BOYNTON, 4, Myrtle Grove, Eton Street, Hessle Road.
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CARDIFF.—Mr. J. C. ANDREWS, 28, Hills Terrace.
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GLASGOW.—Mr. FORMAN ROBERTSON, 93, Naburn Street.
CLOUCESTER.—Mrs. JESSIE MITCHELL, 149, Hatherley Road.
BELTON, Nr. LOUGHBOROUGH.—Mr. A. HALL, "The Queen's Head."
LOWESTOFT.—Mrs. F. GARROD, 1, Church Farm, Oulton Road.
BRADFORD.—Mrs. A. FOSTER, 20, Rusnton Road, Thornbury.
INVERNESS.—Mr. A. NOBLE, 4, Portland Place.
BISHOPS STORTFORD.—Mrs. F. BARTRAM, Thatch Cottage, Sheering Street.
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SWANSEA, S. WALES.—Mrs. W. M. THOMAS, 6, Somerset Place, Mumbles.
STOKE NEWINGTON, N.16.—Mrs. A. B. MARTIN, 23, Cressington Rd.
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GT. YARMOUTH.—Mrs. E. WILLIAMS, 1, Woodgers Bldgs., Southgate Road.
JOHNSTONE.—Mr. JAS. KERR, 21, Russell Street.
DEAL.—Mrs. C. BARRETT, 19, Union Street.
STEVENSTON.—Mrs. M. FELW, 42, Rockmart Street.
SALISBURY, WILTS.—Mrs. M. N. BARNEY, 39, York Road.
HULL.—Mrs. P. HANSLEY, 2, Herberts Terrace, Brighton Street, Beasle Road.
SHEFFIELD.—Mr. S. RHODES, 5-1, Green Street.
TON PENTRE, RHONDDA.—Mr. J. PERCIVAL, 7, Queen Street.
LETCHWORTH, HERTS.—Mr. F. B. MIDDLETON, "Matusall," Icknield Way.
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BARLOW.—Mrs. C. LONSDALE, 12, Middle Square, Roosegate.
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I have sent an order form to my newsagent for the regular weekly delivery of JOHN BULL. Please register me as a regular reader.

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PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B., 7.4.28.

Use ½d. stamp. Don't seal envelope. A certificate setting out the full benefits and conditions and certifying registration will be sent if ½d. stamped addressed envelope is enclosed for return.

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To (Name of Newsagent) .....
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Please deliver or reserve JOHN BULL for me weekly until further notice.
Signature .....
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PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. J.B., 7.4.28.

FOR SMALL TRADERS, SHOPKEEPERS.

THE BEST HOUSE In the Kingdom for Wholesale Drapery Bargains in Stockings, Fents, Ready-mades, Travellers' Samples, etc. Oldest, Cheapest and Best. Write to-day for Catalogue and Original A.B.C. Guide, Post Free.—Cochrane's Wholesale Warehouse, 3, Victoria Bridge, Manchester.

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DRAPERY (Wholesale), all descriptions, also remnants, parcels from £1. List free.—H. Clegg (Dept. B.), Clydesdale House, Turner St., M/c.

CHEAPEST Wholesale House for Beginners for drapery, hosiery, boots, etc. Send for free cat. —H. Marks, 65, Houndsditch, London, E.1.

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EARN £2 to £5 weekly. Run a Bed-clothing Club amongst friends. No outlay. Parties. free. —Carlisle Mills Co., Dept. 11, Birstall, Leeds.

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PROFITABLE GOODS TO SELL in your Spare Time; every kind, good profits. 172-page Catalogue free. MAY (173), George St., Birmingham.

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KNITTERS wanted to work Golden Fleece Knitting Machines at home; guaranteed wage for output, experience not necessary. Send 1d. stamp for prospectus.—S. E. M. Co., Dept. 19B, 9, Clerkenwell Road, E.C.1.

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KNITTERS wanted to work Imperia Knitting Machines at home; experience unnecessary. We guarantee to buy your work at good rates. Write for Free Book.—Imperia Hosiery Mfg. Co., Ltd. (Dept. 62), 97, Gray's Inn Road, London.

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CHEAP PRINTING.—1,000 Billheads fr. 5/6, Handbills fr. 7/6, Memos., Business Cards, etc. Samp. free.—Creteway Press, 8, Buxted, Sussex.

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YOUR SAVINGS, jewellery and personal documents. Are they secure in your home—safe from fire and theft? The home safe advertised on page 31 by Bells, Ltd., is just the thing you want. This advt., too, also includes another interesting offer. Read it now!

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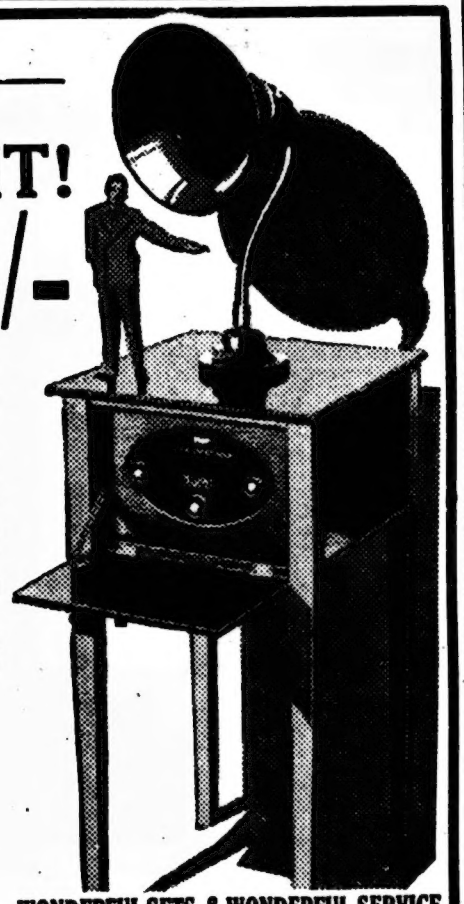

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A UNIQUE offer appears on page 25 wherein readers can obtain the famous ABBEY PIANO for 20/- down. Send for beautifully illustrated free catalogue and be sure to mention Dept. J.

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READERS should not fail to turn to page 27, which contains an opportunity to win £1,000 by purchasing a Metropole Record. These are new process records and are 10 in. double-sided. Every record purchased entitles readers to a free ballot ticket. Enter to-day!

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WIRELESS LOUDSPEAKERS from 32/6. Complete Crystal Sets, 25/6 and Components. Easy terms. Lists free.—Holrose Mfg. Co., 43, Lonsdale Road, Kilburn, London, N.W.6.

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SWEDISH MASSAGE. Get a certificate as a trained masseur. We offer you free extracts from our lessons, which will show you the easy and novel methods by which we can train you by post. Low fees by instalments. Write at once. —Principal, 47, Smae Institute, Clarendon Road, Portsmouth.

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DR. POGSON'S OINTMENT.—Wonderful Skin Secret of Wm. Pogson, F.R.C.S., cures all disease and restores the skin to purity and comfort, 3/-, at Boots', Taylor's and all Chemists.

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PILES. Why suffer? HEMOSOL, the new discovery, relieves at once. No instrument. No ointment. No medicine. Doctors use it. Treat yourself at home. Save an operation. 5/- post free, or stamp for free booklet.—Hemosol Chemists (Dept. 1), 1, Ramsden Road, S.W.12.

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BALDNESS.—I cured myself and can cure you. Large Trial Outfit, 3d. Douglas Dew, "KWIK," 79, Victoria Hse., Victoria Rd., London, S.E.15.

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BEST prices paid for Jewellery, Diamonds, Platinum, Gold, Silver, Scrap, Antiques, Dental Plates (not vulcanite), Valuable Property, etc. Nothing too large nor too small. Cash per return. —Bentley & Co., 353, Oxford Street, London.

ANY kind old gold, silver, jewellery, diamonds, old false teeth, platinum scrap, bought. Highest cash by return.—Bell's, Upperhead Road, Leeds.

MISCELLANEOUS.

TRIMNELL'S Pills and Powders have cured thousands! Why not you? Send for 64-page book about herbs & how to use them, 2d. post free.—Trimnell, The Herbalist, Richmond Rd., Cardiff.

IT IS SO SIMPLE to neatly mend torn Macintoshes and clothing with "Mend-a-Tear" and a hot iron. No stitches needed. 9d. tin at Drapers, Boots' Chemists, or free sample from Leicester Rubber Co., Dept. H., Leicester.

PRIZE WINNERS IN "HOUSEHOLD" COMPETITION

This resulted in a tremendous number of entries being received, many of which were exceedingly good. After most careful judging the £5 has been awarded to:—

Mr. A. A. SELBY, 15, Epsom Road, Croydon.

Consolation prizes are being sent to the 12 following readers:—

Mrs. G. Hirst, Sheffield; Mrs. L. Goodwin, Derby; Mr. F. E. Myers, Chippenham; Mr. F. H. Burgess, Portsmouth; Mr. C. Roper, Clare; Mrs. A. A. Williams, Cirencester; Mrs. C. C. Blake, Winchester; Mrs. V. Trist, Stowmarket; Mrs. F. Thompson, Bradford; Miss A. Connor, Gt. Harwood; Mr. G. Jackson, Littleborough; Mrs. K. Scott, Plymouth.

Full addresses may be seen at this office or a complete list will be forwarded on receipt of stamp for postage.

PHILIP EMANUEL, Advertisement Director, ODHAMS PRESS LTD., 57, Long Acre, W.C.2.

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JOHN BULL

For the People—the Right to Justice and Truth.

The Paper on which the Sun Never Sets.

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

What a Rise!

In the last two months Parliament has had the opportunity to give the Government urgent mandates on disarmament, economy and the misery in the coal-fields. Never has it risen to the occasion. To only one kind of occasion does it rise—a holiday. It "rises" for Easter.

The Futile Party Game.

Like boys at Eastertide, the Parties go on rolling their coloured eggs against one another. But while they are busy breaking egg-shells, nothing is done with the evils that are breaking men.

Crocodile Tears.

Enough "sympathy" with suffering miners has been shed in the House of Commons to float a battleship. It's a pity some of it can't be turned into steam and energy generated to *do something*.

Wait—and Starve.

The ineptitude of the Government reached astonishing depths in the debate on distress in mining areas. To hand over the workless to the tender mercies of private charity is a get-out as callous as it is unbelievable.

A Million Lives.

The human tragedy of the coal-fields is on a colossal scale. Two hundred thousand workers whom the mines will never want again means, with their dependents, a million people whose lives are at stake.

Proof Positive.

In Blaina and Nantyglo in 1920 the share capital of the Co-operative Society stood at £250,000. It is now £80,000. There would be a shout the world could hear if the resources of the rich were diminished to half that extent.

To the Rescue.

Coal-owners and Government are being slowly driven on to "Samuel Report" lines in a messy way. But it is life-saving speed that is wanted. If they go at funeral pace, they will get a funeral.

Those Committees.

Meanwhile the Government has appointed a Committee on the migration of labour; not done anything, mind you—appointed a Committee. Ministerial practice is to wait—months—for a Committee to report, and then, if it advises anything difficult, not to do it.

Rob Peter, Pay Paul.

Few Ministerial expedients have been so tragically futile as the attempt to transfer workless miners to other areas. It is about as profitable an occupation as a child's carefully built edifice of cards that the first passing breath destroys.

No Welcome.

"Other areas" have no desire to find themselves swamped with workless hosts. Why should they? The one thing wanted is to see the mining industry reorganised on a paying basis.

Wasting Capital.

One thing the Government could do without upsetting anybody is to take child labour from the mines and establish an adequate number of training centres for boys over sixteen.

One Sound Suggestion.

We agree with Mr. Whiteley, M.P., that work, such as draining, road making and repairing and general labouring, exists and that older miners likely to be permanently displaced could be set to it immediately. All that's wanted is the will.

In Short.

A glance through our pages for the last three years would show a hundred indications of work wanted and work that cries out to be done if only the willingness to put men on to it wasn't lacking.

Fight 'Em!

Roads replete with "hairpin bends," blind corners and crossings at right angles are death-traps to modern traffic. Private interests are the lion in the path.

Water.

Similarly, proper drainage of these islands is neglected because of private ownership of public lands. It's all part and parcel of a thorough revision of the antiquated land laws.

Pegging Away.

M. Litvinov continues to throw challenging gloves into the complacent arena of Geneva. The action does at least compel those to think who never thought before and those who did think to think more.

Caustic Comment.

"Sneers," declares a French newspaper, "are no reply to the Soviet proposals." Exactly! If you don't like Russian plans for disarmament, produce better ones.

Baby Drunks.

We approve the League of Nations' interest in preventing the consumption of strong drink by children and adolescents. There can be only one view of its effect. It is thoroughly bad.

A Humane Note.

It is also good that Geneva is occupying itself with the problems of illegitimate children. It says little for practical Christianity that these hapless youngsters are still considered by the "unco guid" as outcasts.

New Coalition.

The backing from the Conservative benches for Mr. Lloyd George's enthusiasm for rounding up Army, Navy and Air Force under one head is illuminating. When similar brotherliness is shown in plans for the people's betterment we may get somewhere.

Retort Courteous.

To the Bishop of Durham's bitter taunt that women are needed first, always and only in the capacity of mothers, women reply, "Give better conditions first."

Novel Easter Prizes!

Easter is here—so are "Bullets" Easter Prizes! A £600 cheque and 100 Four-guinea Gramophones await you on page 35.

In and Out and In Again.

Fish landed in this country is salted, sent to the Continent, and reimported as canned fish. It may help shippers, but it doesn't do much to solve unemployment. We have men able to can fish here.

Blackpool's Plan.

After twenty years' attempt to rid itself of mock auctions, Blackpool property-owners have agreed never to let premises for the nuisance. As a specimen of what can be done by concerted action it is worth noting.

Much Cry, Little Wool.

Liberal organs exclaim against Liberal faint-heartedness in discussing the Liberal industrial programme. If timid now, what is to be expected if Liberals regain power?

Our Suspicion.

We suspect that all would-be reformers are at last grasping the truth. No permanent step for betterment is possible until the land question is tackled. It lies at the root of all prosperity.

Encouraging.

Great Britain has ten suicides annually for every 100,000 inhabitants—almost least of any country in the world. It shows that we at all events try to make life tolerable for all.

Big Brother Movement.

Since its inception the Big Brother movement in Australia has received 1,300 Little Brothers and settled them on the land. A similar plan for this country would work *if we had the land*.

C.O.D.

This year 1,500,000 parcels have been carried by the Post Office C.O.D. Cheaper rates of postage and more advertising by salesmen would very quickly double it.

Lock Them Up!

Failure to pay unemployment insurance contributions is becoming common among employers of the baser sort. It is a mean meanness that takes advantage of unemployment poverty.

As We Foretold.

Infectious illness has closed the day school in Walmersley, cases are increasing in Bury and epidemics at South Shields show no sign of abating. Poverty and unemployment and bad housing take a sad toll that presently will be felt throughout the country.

Reaction.

Students of sociology are "shocked" that stone-breaking is to be reintroduced into casual wards after being condemned twenty years ago. More shocking still is the inertia that allows industry to slacken and the plague of unemployment to spread.

All's Well.

Because a little girl in his shop sold a drop of milk at ten minutes past eight, Councillor Drapper, husband of the Mayor of Deptford, has been fined, at the local court, 2s. 6d. with 21s. costs. London may now sleep at night and know that the defence of the realm is secure!

The WORLD, the FLESH & the DEVIL

Smart Work.

Within half an hour of the news of the theft being received, the Nottingham police recovered three bags of stolen lead dust and brought the delinquents to justice. Congratulations to the force. A feeling that discovery will be prompt and certain is the best check to would-be marauders.

Good Work Spoiled.

That Henry Ralph Walker, of Canonbury, is a life-governor of a children's hospital and has given £500 to the funds makes the case against him of gross ill-treatment of his three-year-old daughter blacker than ever. He is lucky to be let off with a £10 fine. Prison should have been his portion.

Sheer Luck.

To throw petrol over her was the method chosen by Robert Lamb, of Lupset, to keep his wife in order. She, not knowing the nature of the liquid, later lit a match, and burst into flames. That Wakefield magistrates fined the fellow £3 should make him pause. It might, very easily, have been a charge of murder.

Can It Help?

Why if they thought serious the theft by Joseph Jackson Roberts of 20 lb. of potatoes did the Selby magistrates only fine him £2, or a month's imprisonment? Married with seven children and having only worked four months out of the past two years, who is more in need of the helpful hand of the probation officer?

Youthful Folly.

We have no good opinion of the Carmarthen magistrates in giving permission to a boy not yet twenty-one and a girl of sixteen to marry, in spite of protests from the youth's mother that he is not in a position to keep a wife. How is it possible that the children of such immature parents should be properly brought up?

Shelving Trouble.

Economy may be the motive by which the Ministries of Health and Transport have knocked on the head the making of the proposed new road from Mountain Ash to Aberdare. Considering the unemployment in Glamorgan, surely the ratepayers would rather have a new road for their money than pay it in out-relief?

The Way to Do It.

At the Stanton Coal and Iron Company's modern pit, Bilsthorpe, miners take 85 per cent. of the return on coal sales, 15 per cent. going to the shareholders and the management. Under these conditions, miners, directors and officials may well toast one another at dinner. We drink to the day when all pits will have "modern" apparatus and be run on similar lines.

Move Wanted.

If the Governments of the countries concerned bestirred themselves the white slave scandal could be ended, is the opinion of Chief Rabbi Dr. Hertz, and a great moral stride could be taken by enforcing at every port bylaws similar to those in operation at Hull to prevent English girls associating with foreign sailors aboard ships. Which will make the first move?

Wasted Time.

Southport's Watch Committee spent three hours in deciding to recommend the council to grant seven-day licences to cinemas. We are surprised. The experience of other districts should have sufficed to settle the matter in five minutes, seeing that Sunday night cinemas have been proved to be a real solution of the social problem of the streets.

Modern Missus.

We feel a spark of sympathy for a husband whose wife sued him for maintenance at Tottenham, for this modern missus claimed "the right" to go out with an unmarried man to the pictures several times a week and to see him when her husband was working. She admitted telling the single man she was "not exactly married." She lost her case—and we don't wonder at it!

Missing Ministers.

Commander Kenworthy's motion that the presence of a Minister in the House is desirable when the affairs of his own Department are under discussion was sound sense. Nothing but necessity, or alternative business of extreme urgency, can excuse the discourtesy of non-attendance.

Woman Fiends.

The second reading of the Plumage Amendment Bill was carried without division and will deal with the smuggling of rare plumage into this country. Let's hope it will be got through quickly, for apparently nothing less than this will prevent thoughtless women from coveting such priceless treasures.

Pattern Postman.

After serving as a postman for more than forty years, during which time he had neither been late nor absent from duty, George David Gathercole, of Stoke Newington, collapsed in the street and died. This fine record would take a deal of beating, and if the service can boast any to match him it is fortunate indeed.

Prompt Courage.

It is not easy to rescue a woman pinned under a blazing motor-car, but that was the feat instantly performed by Inspector Groosby and Constable Ingham of the Leamington police when two motor-cars collided in their vicinity. Their clothes were burned, but the life of Mrs. Floyd, the victim of the accident, was saved, a tribute to a splendid, self-sacrificing bit of work.

Doctor's Devotion.

It is pleasant to record the devotion to duty of Dr. Ronald Reid, of Milngavie, who dislocated his knee-joint when getting out of his car in answer to an urgent summons. In spite of the pain, he attended Mrs. Lee, who was suffering from severe burns, though afterwards he had to place himself in the hands of a specialist. That his patient subsequently died of her injuries does not detract from the physician's heroic fortitude.

The Human Machine

We Must Choose

by E. R. THOMPSON, M.A.

"THE true worth of a man," said a famous writer, "lies not in where he is, but in where he is going."

An old Chinese proverb says much the same thing: "To each, ten thousand futures—yet each must choose!"

And Robert Louis Stevenson said the same thing even better: "To travel hopefully is a better thing than to arrive"; and he added, "The true success is to labour."

It was as well he added that, for there is a very mistaken idea in the minds of most people that work is the curse of life. Nothing could be further from the truth.

Work is not a curse. It is the only way to physical and spiritual fulness of life.

WORK is, or should be, a man's best means of self-expression. Unless a man expresses his personality he is not alive. Unless he works at something he cannot so express himself. There is no other way but work.

And if a man works he must have an aim in his work. He must know where he is going—otherwise his work will achieve nothing.

And it is not so much what a man is doing as what he is aiming at that reveals the sort of man he is. A man of real character will aim high—and not mind whether he gets there or not.

We must all choose, even though ten thousand futures are before us—and it is in our choice that we reveal what we really are.

Fine Climbing.

By winning scholarships that eventually took him to St. Catherine College, Cambridge, Mr. R. G. Howe, the son of an engine-driver, has passed into the Diplomatic Service, and is First Secretary at the Roumanian Legation. No beginning, however modest, is a bar to those who really wish to get on in life.

Wouldn't Tell.

Not even a spanking for drenched clothing made Frederick Hughes admit to his mother that, out of a number of playfellows who ran away when Joe Hoxley, age six, fell into the swiftly running river Dee, he alone stayed and with great difficulty got him out. Wrexham has a man of fine promise in this youngster of ten.

Boys' Pal.

Over 30,000 youths have been helped towards good citizenship and 404 assisted in difficulty by the Liverpool Children's Friend Society's Boys' Home and Refuge. The stipendiary magistrate's testimony that the institution is one of his very best friends in helping him to deal with the boy problem alone is enough to warrant the needed increase in subscribers.

Inevitable End.

It is not too late for the fourteen-year-old Nottingham lad of low mentality—who, since leaving school in October has had four situations and has been put on probation for three years for stealing a carpet—to see a doctor. Such cases shout aloud for increased numbers of schools for mental defectives, whose end, unless training begins in time, too often points towards the cells.

Saving Babies.

Statistics for London show that the infant mortality has fallen from 157 per 1,000 births in 1846 to an average of 71 in the five years 1921-25. The figures speak volumes for the doctors and nurses of to-day, and they also reflect the wisdom of the modern young mother. She takes her baby to welfare centres and gives it every chance she can to be healthy. The mother of to-day knows her job.

Disgraceful Cruelty.

"They can't live on water and dust" was the trenchant comment of the Fiscal at the Aberdeen Police Court, when William Cobban, a Turriff farmer, was fined £20 for leaving 240 sheep in a barren field, with dead ones left unburied, and for allowing dead and dying pigs to be thrown on a dung-heap or eaten by rats. We still hold that fines in such cases are useless. A stiff term in prison should be added.

Gritty Groceries.

Samples of the best quality lentils taken from six grocers required five washings to be called clean, while rice, semolina and tapioca when soaked left a residue of dirt, and 7 lb. of sugar revealed cotton strands and many impurities. It is useless for exporters, shippers, importers, warehousemen and grocers to deny responsibility. The Food Council must get a move on, and lay the blame where it is due.

Day by Day.

"A wheel was shattered into fragments; the pieces flew through the air like shrapnel, and cut through pipes like a hacksaw," when an explosion occurred in H.M.S. *Courageous*, which cost £2,000,000 to convert from a cruiser into an aircraft carrier. Officer H. E. Kent was killed and three other men badly injured. War machinery even in times of peace keeps going a casualty list like constant guerilla warfare.

Blind Man's Triumph.

Blinded in the war, Captain Whitelaw Wilson had little hope of following his job of civil engineer, until, after training at St. Dunstan's, he has become responsible for the planning of a new estate at Kingstonbridge, which, though 400 ft. up, has its own gas, water and main drainage. Thus science and courage of to-day have triumphed over the senseless evils of war. To-morrow such triumphs must be solely in the cause of peace.

Breeding Disease.

Dr. Fraser spoke out like a man at an inquest on a girl aged three at Brighton. The child died in one of three houses which have been condemned in Oxford Court. "When property is condemned it should be illegal for the landlords to extract any rent," said the doctor. Dr. Fraser sees how hovels kill children. Authority will turn a deaf ear to him.

Gentlemen All!

When two tramps picked up a woman's work-book containing a £1 Treasury note, they promptly took it to the Luton Police Court, where constables on pay parade promptly made a collection in their favour. The 7s. handed over would buy food all the sweeter for being the fruits of honesty. But what a pity Britain holds nothing better for such men than to tramp the road!

Look Into It.

According to the decision in the Divisional Court, in the case of Lloyd *v.* Cook, many thousands of tenants of rooms are entitled to reclaim six months' overpayment of rent. Tenants may have their rents apportioned according to the proportion that their premises bear to the accommodation and rental of the whole house. It is a distinct and welcome blow at profiteering and fleecing.

Too Cruel.

Richard Gallagher is a miner's son, aged fourteen, who has made forty attempts to escape from Shibden Reformatory School, where he was sent six years ago. Always after running about twelve miles, he is found by the police, who promptly return him. As he only wants to see his mother, arrangements should be made for them to meet. She is too poor to afford the fare. Who will come forward?

Unworthy Mother.

Although she had drawn £105 in grants, and was in receipt of a regular income of £2 a week, Mrs. Florence Fern, a young widow, of Doncaster, callously neglected her little children, aged two years and ten months respectively. These little mites were found in the street in a shocking condition, without shoes or stockings and suffering from sores. This unworthy mother has gone to prison for six months and her children will not miss one who has treated them so heartlessly.

Mattress Graves.

At a concert arranged for ex-soldiers in Wigmore Hall, London, surprise was expressed that so many are still under hospital treatment. The surprise is itself is astonishing. After the greatest war in history, many thousands of men, in all countries, must drag out existence on mattresses from which they can never rise. They are without limbs, mangled or blinded. The sight of one such victim of war's inhumanities should end for ever the very thought of war.

Get Off Lightly.

The sooner the Sunday-school held at the house of Alfred Albert Jennings, a naval pensioner, of Wigmore, is moved elsewhere, the better will it be for all concerned. When one of the scholars, a girl of fourteen, called with some flowers for Mrs. Jennings, the man committed a serious assault upon her in a greenhouse. That the Chatham magistrates adjudged him guilty is proved by the fact that they fined him 25. So hypocritical and dangerous a degenerate should have been sent to gaol.

War Films.

Gassed three times in the Army between 1914-19, driven to despair by unemployment, and after seeing a war film, Edward Gilbert Booth, of Leeds, attacked the woman with whom he had been living eight years with a razor and attempted suicide. Barely recovered from depression bordering on insanity, he has been sent to "twelve months" imprisonment. What a place for him! If there's a stronger case against war, our films and our treatment of war sufferers we would like to know of it.

Stamp Trickery.

For affixing used stamps on National Health Insurance books, Joseph S. Weinrib, of Leeds, has had to pay £17 5s. in costs and fines. We are not sorry. To take advantage of a trick, which if played by everyone would knock workers' claims to medical attention out of existence, is the height of meanness.

Carpet Catch Again.

A man who gives the name of Exall, and who favours the uniform of a steward in the Mercantile Marine, has lately been operating in South-East London with considerable success. He calls upon householders with the old tale of having smuggled some valuable Persian rugs ashore, and in one case recently he sold two rugs for £6. The purchaser believed he had secured a bargain until an expert assured him that the rugs were worth only about £1 a piece. Others should be wary.

Robbing My Neighbour.

Whilst we give full credit to John Burton and William Henry Delingpole, screw manufacturers, of Birmingham, for having risen from street newspaper vendors to positions of comparative affluence, we think they well deserved the twelve months in the second division passed upon them for defrauding the Inland Revenue of £50,000. Three other directors, guilty to a less degree, received smaller sentences. A man who evades just taxation is guilty of defrauding his neighbour, which is a despicable thing.

Bleeding the Home-seekers.

A Kensal Rise reader recently answered an advertisement offering two rooms, with scullery and "every convenience," for 14s. 6d. a week, or for £1 a week if a third room were included. By return of post he was advised by A. E. McEwan-Waghorn, of King William Street, Charing Cross, that, "owing to numerous applications," only three rooms would be let, the rental would be increased to 22s., and the tenant would have to purchase certain linoleum. Comment is unnecessary.

Insult to Injury.

A year or two ago a Hull reader entered into financial transactions with Thomson Brothers and Co., stock and share brokers, of Chancery Lane, London, W.C., who afterwards became known as plain J. Thomson. He lost his money, and a cheque he received on one occasion proved valueless. Now, after a long silence, he is being invited to operate again, this time by J. Thomson and Co. (London), Ltd. J. Thomson—the man behind all three concerns—has been at this sort of game for years.

Wane Travelling Quacks.

"Good News for Ilford and District.—Visit by a Noted Eyesight Specialist" was the heading to a recent article in a local paper announcing that a "Mr. Blyth-Wones, the famous London Eyesight Expert," had agreed to visit the district. From first to last the wording of this "article" is familiar, for it is the custom of all travelling "experts" to disguise their advertisements in this form. And the fact that they only remain in one locality for a week or so renders it almost impossible for dissatisfied clients to get into touch with them again.

Clare's Clarity.

B. Clare, who runs the Universal Correspondence Club, is business-like, if nothing else. He promptly reminds members that their annual subscription of 5s. is due and offers to bring their names "from the back of the register up to the front, which amounts to putting a vim" into their introductions. Further, members may add any particulars about themselves "or their requirements" for the benefit of other members. Wise people will not continue to load up Clare with fees for, according to this reader's membership number, Clare has netted at least £1,300!

FIRE!

"JOHN BULL" COVERS YOU FREE. See page 2

Problems of Life

The Message of Easter

by the Rev. R. J. CAMPBELL, D.D.

EASTER is the festival of Springtime, of the renewal of life and beauty, of sunshine and growth and joyous venture.

It is thousands of years older than Christianity, though as a commemoration of the resurrection of Christ it has acquired a sweeter, tenderer significance than the ancient pagan world gave to it.

Dr. R. J. Campbell

But, however far back we go in attempting to trace its history, we find that it has always been celebrated as the rebirth of hope and gladness in the human heart.

Human beings have always felt elated by the mysterious resurgence of creative forces in the world around them at this time of year.

What an exquisite stanza, for instance, is that of the Song of Songs, written perhaps two millenniums and a half ago:

Rise up, my love, my fair one, and come away.
For, lo, the winter is past, the rain is over and gone;
The flowers appear on the earth; the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land. . . .
Arise, my love, my fair one, and come away.

APPARENTLY, young men and maidens were much the same in days of old as they are to-day.

But what of the old and the weary of heart?

They need a more spiritual interpretation of life than that which comes most easily and naturally with plenitude of health and vigour.

The other day I went to see an old friend, who has been ailing for some time and had to give up the work he loved.

I found him laughing. It seemed strange to me to see him laugh; he has never been one to indulge much in laughter, and he has done so less than ever since his affliction came upon him.

"What are you laughing at?" I asked.

"I am laughing," said he, "to think what a fool I was. I have been labouring like a galley slave for the greater part of my life at things that mattered comparatively little, and missing the real delights of existence."

He has just discovered the country, the charm of hedgerow and garden plot, the amazing miracle of the peeping violet, the lowly primrose, and the robin's nest—simple joys that are as accessible to the poor as the rich.

MY friend is one of the cleverest men in England and has done good service to the public, but it is very touching to watch him now in his enforced retirement. He will wander for hours in the fields around his cottage, gazing intently at the wonders they contain.

Would that all troubled, depressed and careworn folk could learn the simple lesson of letting the invincible life and love at the heart of things have their way with them and be at peace.

INNOCENT MEN IN JAIL

ASTOUNDING MISCARRIAGE OF JUSTICE

A Chapter of Blunders

THREE innocent men are lying in Norwich Jail. Each is serving a sentence of eight months' hard labour.

They have appealed against their conviction and the appeal has been dismissed. Three other men who actually committed the offence have sworn a confession and have offered to give evidence. They were not allowed to do so.

As the law stands, not only must the innocent men, who have never been to prison before, remain there until the middle of next August, but their wives and little children must suffer too. The wife of one man is expecting a fourth child in June.

Frank Smith, one of the innocent men

At Norwich Assizes on Tuesday, January 31, Frank Smith, Samuel Hatch and Arthur Sydney Smith were tried on a charge that, "being armed with a gun, they unlawfully entered by night land in the possession of Sir Maurice Boileau for the purpose of taking game at East Carleton on January 18."

The case for the prosecution was that John Brewster, head keeper, and two under-keepers were out at 2.30 in the morning when they heard a gun fired. The keepers saw three men in Eave's Wood and Brewster shone an electric torch on them. He and one of the under-keepers named George Clarke claimed to have recognised the three prisoners.

The men got away. The keepers motored to Norwich, and with the police visited the houses of the prisoners between 4 and 4.30 the same morning, barely two hours later.

Slender evidence

Eave's Wood is about eight miles from Norwich, and it would have been almost impossible for the men seen by the keepers to have walked home by 4.30.

All three men were in bed when visited by the police and keepers. All three swore on oath at their trial that they were not out that night.

The keepers found three caps, a stick and a bag containing three pheasants. They were unable to prove that the caps belonged to the prisoners nor were they able to prove the ownership of the bag and stick.

Merely on the evidence of two keepers, who claimed to have recognised these men on a dark night at a distance of some yards in a dense wood with the aid of an electric flash-lamp, the jury found them guilty.

No witnesses were called for the defence, although there were seven in court to testify to the prisoners' innocence.

A week after their conviction, three other men—Albert Holmes, Robert Flint and John Grady—visited the clerk to the Norwich County magistrate and made a statement.

The clerk telephoned to Col. Dawson, chairman of the Bench, and the men swore a confession that they were the persons who committed the offence of which the other three men had been convicted.

These men had confessed their guilt to the three men who were charged. They attended the Shire Hall, Norwich, on the first day of the assizes and made a statement to the barrister engaged to defend the prisoners.

The case was not heard that day and the barrister who had the matter in hand was recalled to London. Another barrister then undertook the defence, but he did not interview any witnesses.

Guilt admitted

In the witness-box one of the prisoners referred to Grady's confession and the judge observed *that Grady had better be called.* This man was present in the Shire Hall, waiting to give evidence. Why was he not called?

When the appeal was heard it was stated that a search was made for him, but he could not be found.

Grady and the other witnesses present are prepared to swear that he was there all the time and that he declared his guilt and the prisoners' innocence to George Clark, the under-keeper, and to a police constable.

Mrs. Emily Smith, the mother of Frank Smith, states that on the night of the alleged offence one of her daughters-in-law gave birth to twins in Norwich hospital.

On her way home from the hospital she called at Frank's house and told him the news. As she left the house the church clock struck twelve.

When a police constable and a gamekeeper called at the house of Arthur Sidney Smith at 4.30 a.m. his wife invited them to search her house for evidence that her husband had been out that night.

She said to the police officer, "*I am a pregnant woman and if my husband has left this house since* 8.30 *last night, may I be struck dead.*"

Strong declaration

This unfortunate woman believes that her evidence would have helped to convince judge and jury that a mistake had been made.

The guilty poachers give a very circumstantial account of what happened on the night in question. They can identify the caps, the bag and the stick as their property.

An independent witness is prepared to testify that he saw one of them on his way home that morning without a cap and with his head and face bleeding from scratches.

The wives of these three poachers are prepared to say that their husbands were out all the night in question.

One of them, Mrs. Albert Holmes, says: "I have brought up eleven children and I would rather see my husband serve the whole twenty-four months these innocent men are serving between them than see their poor wives and little children suffering."

The Court of Criminal Appeal refused to allow these men's evidence to be heard on the ground that there was no suggestion that the court below took any wrong course or that the judge had failed to sum up properly.

It is true that the three innocent men all have previous convictions. One was fined £2 about eighteen months ago for rabbit poaching, and two of them were fined a similar amount about two years ago for a like offence. These "crimes" apparently weighed heavily with the judge. The sentence of eight months' hard labour on men who had never before been to prison seems to us unduly heavy, although the Act under which they were indicted, placed on the Statute Book just a hundred years ago, provides and permits punishment up to fourteen years' penal servitude!

Albert Holmes, one of the men who confessed

Justice asked for

Poaching is a very common offence in Norfolk as it is in many other parts of the country. We are not attempting to defend poaching. It is almost as immoral as enclosing land and preserving game.

Men must be punished if they poach, even if they are hungry, desperate husbands and fathers of starving families of little children.

It is well to remember that poachers, as a class, do not trouble the authorities in other respects, any more than their neighbours who prefer to stay in bed rather than sally forth "on a moonlight night . . . in the season of the year."

The three men who have confessed to the charges—Holmes, Flint and Grady—have behaved honourably. Their conduct is not that of confirmed criminals, though we are not defending their poaching lapse.

When, however, the law allows innocent men to suffer, then it is time the law was amended.

We invite the Home Secretary to use that discretion which, under the British Constitution, may be exercised on behalf of the Crown to override the law and do justice, by restoring these innocent men to their wives and children.

Winsome Dr. Wynne

He's So Humane!

OUR distinguished friend His Excellency Dr. E. W. Wynne, D.Sc., D.C.L., LL.D., F.R.S.I., F.G.C.S., F.A.C.S., etc., etc., of 31, Parkside, Egremont, Cheshire, is at it again.

He is now filling the self-styled rôle of "the popular candidate," in the Board of Guardians election at Birkenhead, and his election circulars are full of self-revelation.

The electors are informed that he has devoted a great deal of time in "most carefully" looking after their respective interests, and that the indefatigable doctor has devoted the "utmost care and consideration" to all matters that have been brought to his notice.

"On the record of my services in your interests," he declares, "I have every confidence of being returned by a substantial majority."

Election motto

He also adds that he is looking forward to receiving the support of both the Liberal and Conservative voters in his ward as he is considered "one of the most humane and generous members of the Board."

His election motto is "Efficiency with Economy," and he reminds voters of his pledge to devote himself to the business of the ward "with the same keen attention" that he gives to his own business.

Our readers have already been made familiar with several of His Excellency's personal business enterprises, and while his "keen attention" was never in doubt, the startling nature of his ventures and the singularity of his methods has occasioned criticism elsewhere than in JOHN BULL.

But JOHN BULL's comment seems to have stirred him up on more than one occasion, and in this connection it is interesting to cite one result of our last article dealing with His Excellency's association with Henry Allen Ashton, of the London Financial Service, in boosting a patent "Dry Gas" carburettor.

Doctor's blunder

His Excellency the Doctor, for reasons best known to himself, jumped to the conclusion that we were indebted to a certain engineer for our information, whereas the truth is that all the facts were furnished by Ashton himself in an impudent letter to JOHN BULL.

Dr. Wynne, however, persists in writing indignantly to the engineer in question, and his latest communication may be quoted in full as being even more self-revealing than His Excellency's election address. He writes:

"SIR,—When Mr. Ashton and I have finished with you, you will be very sorry you opened your big mouth to J.B. or anybody else.—Yours, etc.,

"E. W. WYNNE."

We are glad to see that His Excellency Dr. Wynne, D.Sc., etc., can be so "humane and generous."

A CURIOUS CORPORATION

RICHES OUT OF RUINS

The Tangling Webb

SOME enterprises are too well named, and one which occurs to us specifically at the moment is the business that has been carried on in the high-sounding title of the Regent Finance and Guarantee Corporation, Ltd.

This concern began its career at British Columbia House, Regent Street, London, but subsequently migrated to offices at 56, Kingsway, W.C.

We do not know what occasioned this move, but we do know that several people are bitterly complaining of their transactions with this firm, which have been decidedly unsatisfactory.

The Regent Finance and Guarantee Corporation, Ltd., is described as "merchants, brokers and financiers," and it appears that large sums of money have been paid to it in circumstances which call for the fullest enquiry.

End'less trouble

An engineering firm, for instance, got into touch with a Mr. H. Webb, one of the directors of the corporation, who undertook to purchase certain motor accessories for the firm.

The principal articles ordered were chassis, and a sum of £300 changed hands, representing a deposit of £50 on each of six chassis.

Once this money has been paid, the Regent Finance and Guarantee Corporation, Ltd., did not distinguish itself in its business efficiency, for the would-be purchasers were put to endless trouble.

Eventually three of the chassis came to hand—not through the Regent Finance and Guarantee Corporation, but from the actual vendors of the goods, with whom the dissatisfied buyers had been forced to get in touch owing to the dilatory methods of the corporation.

Time passed, and being unable to secure delivery of the remaining three chassis, the firm demanded the return of its money from the unbusinesslike corporation. It was unsuccessful, and was eventually compelled to issue a writ.

Disappointing discovery

Still no money was forthcoming, and litigation was prolonged in an endeavour to bring the offenders up to scratch. But it was all of no avail.

Even when the weary court proceedings were completed and judgment had been obtained against the corporation, the claimants could not get their money.

To this day the judgment remains unsatisfied.

If this were an isolated example of the shortcomings of the ambitiously named Regent Finance and Guarantee Corporation, Ltd., it would be sufficient to show the stability of its "finance" and the value of its "guarantee."

But, unhappily, it is only one of many.

Another firm we know of got into touch with the corporation in the summer of last year, and in due course paid more than £700 to it for certain goods, only part of which was actually delivered.

As in the previous case, the firm was forced to seek legal assistance in order to press its claims with the corporation in regard to the undelivered goods.

In due course, it also issued a writ for the amount outstanding, a matter of £300, and judgment was later obtained. But no money was forth coming, although the Regent Finance and Guarantee Corporation, Ltd., actually consented to the judgment.

Finally the disillusioned firm, acting through its solicitors, levied execution on the headquarters of the corporation at Kingsway.

This action only resulted in the disappointing discovery that none of the goods there could be touched as everything was claimed by the wife of one of the directors.

A third case which may be cited is that of a South London merchant who agreed to purchase three second-hand vehicles through the corporation for £500, and who actually paid £300 on account.

That was a year ago, and shortly after the order had been placed, the corporation induced this client to pay up the balance.

As he had by this time received delivery of two of the three vehicles the gentleman's suspicions were disarmed and he therefore parted with a further £200.

To-day, this client is still waiting for delivery of the third vehicle, and, as in the former cases, the matter has resolved into unsuccessful litigation.

Judgment has been obtained, but not one penny has been refunded!

Thriving on failure

In yet another case a gentleman parted with £500 for two vehicles, and upon receipt of the money the Regent Finance and Guarantee Corporation, Ltd., promised delivery within a few days.

They have never been supplied and legal proceedings have led nowhere.

The above are merely a few cases selected at random from a large number, and it is not surprising, therefore, to learn that the Regent Finance and Guarantee Corporation, Ltd., has gone into liquidation.

It will be still less surprising when we reveal the fact that Mr. H. Webb, the prime mover behind the Regent Finance and Guarantee Corporation, Ltd., is a notorious bankrupt, whose former escapades have been exposed in these pages on more than one occasion.

He is a man who has contrived to thrive on failure.

In 1924 he distinguished himself by being adjudicated bankrupt with gross liabilities of £18,983.

In view of the above disclosures, therefore, it is desirable that the affairs of the disastrous Regent Finance and Guarantee Corporation, Ltd., should be throughly sifted, and that Webb should be effectively prevented from ever operating in such a shameful manner in the future.

The Rt. Hon. Sir P. Cunliffe-Lister, M.P., President of the Board of Trade, whose Department should press for an amendment of company regulations

AN AUTOMATIC SWINDLE

THE LANDLORD JOINS THE QUEUE

LESS than a month ago, a gentleman, who gave his name as A. C. Wilson, established himself in an office at Palace House, Shaftesbury Avenue, London, W.C., and launched out in business in a most enterprising manner.

One of his first considerations was to advertise in a well-known daily paper for a young, active man to operate as a "salesman-collector" in town and country.

His announcement stated quite frankly that a cash security of £10 or guarantee society's policy would be required against daily collections.

Job explained

Mr. Wilson replied to applicants on paper headed "British Automatics," and explained that a salesman was required to sell automatic machines to retailers on cash or hire-purchase terms.

The salary would be £2 a week, plus expenses up to 30s., and commission on sales at £1 per machine. There would also be commission on cash collected from the machines.

One gentleman, who resides in Balham, was granted an interview, and believing the proposition to be a sound one, borrowed £10 to deposit with Mr. Wilson as security.

In return, he was handed an agreement with instructions to report for duty in a fortnight's time.

Others "had"

When the appointed day arrived, the Balham gentleman presented himself at Palace House with eager punctuality. Imagine his surprise when he found the office closed and a number of other expectant gentlemen waiting outside the door.

He received a still greater shock when he got into conversation with some of the other callers and discovered that each and every one of them was reporting for duty as a "salesman-collector."

One, who came from Upton Park, had been told much the same sort of story after answering the initial advertisement. He, too, had been given a typewritten agreement and had paid £9 as cash security.

Another gentleman from East London had paid a similar sum, and had been instructed in the same way to report on that particular morning.

A fourth gentleman, from Maida Vale, had paid £10 by a cheque, which Wilson had utilised, apparently, to purchase a typewriter.

While all these anxious dupes were waiting forlornly outside the silent office of "British Automatics," they were joined by another gentleman, who appeared equally perturbed.

Mysterious departure

This proved to be Mr. Wilson's landlord, and the reason for his anxiety was twofold. In the first place, his mysterious tenant had departed suddenly without paying his rent, and, in the second case, the office keys were also missing.

Subsequent investigation revealed the fact that the deserted office had been cleared of everything save the furniture, and efforts to trace the elusive Wilson have so far failed.

Warning to others

The notepaper used by Wilson gave the name of W. A. Mann as a co-director, but this gentleman does not seem to have been in evidence at any stage of the proceedings.

Certainly he was never seen by the landlord or by any of the luckless job-seekers who have been so cruelly duped.

Reference to Somerset House is unhelpful, as "British Automatics" does not figure either in the register of business names or as a limited liability company.

We are afraid that small consolation can be offered to those who have parted with their money, but their bitter experience should serve as a forceful warning to others of the folly of paying hard cash in return for nothing but promises.

TWO GREAT SOULS

PARENTS FOR EVERYBODY

A Dream Comes True

WHILE selfishness joins hands with no one of the virtues, benevolence is allied to them all. Here we tell of a couple whose mission is to help young people to make a good start in life

RECENTLY there came to our notice the case of a working girl, Alice Crinian, whose life in London was a dreary round of domestic toil and interminable loneliness, and whose nearest relatives were a brother and sister living in Ontario, Canada.

Alice, who is twenty-five years of age, has little recollection of her parents—her father she never knew—and in 1908 she was placed in a convent at Margate.

Her mother died in 1915, and the convent took care of her until 1920, when she left it to go out into the world to fend for herself.

She tried working as a waitress in a tea-shop and later, tiring of this work, became a service hand in the same place. She kept in this field of labour for several years and finally entered domestic service as a daily worker in London, at which occupation she has been ever since.

The great divider

This poor girl found the weary course of her working day not much eased by the rest and refuge afforded by the one room in which she lived and kept body and soul together on the sum of £1 a week.

And, added to her loneliness in London, was the urge of the constant letters she received from her relatives in Canada that she should go out there to join them.

She might as well have been invited to bid for Buckingham Palace, for her weekly wage was fully expended on the bare necessities of life.

Her relatives, keen as they were to have her with them, could not afford to send her the money to pay for her passage.

The letters from Canada, promising a home and definite employment, inspired Alice to appeal to JOHN BULL, and she did not appeal in vain.

Our "Greatest of These—" Fund is in need of greater resources to enable assistance to be given to *bona-fide* cases of distress, and it could not cover the case of Alice Crinian.

However, having found Alice Crinian to be of good character and deserving of help, we could but do our utmost to aid her, and here we thought of our good friends in Bournemouth.

In that town there resides a JOHN BULL reader and his wife who have realised to the full that "an effort made for the happiness of others lifts us above ourselves."

Practical charity

Theirs is a story of kind hearts whose charity knows neither caste nor creed; they are possessed of the urge to do what they can for their human fellows while the chance is theirs; a story of a good man and his wife whose charity is of the kind that is practical and whose many efforts on behalf of others have guided young feet into the paths of good citizenship, which is a desirable end that many can miss without the aid of a helping hand.

To these good folk we recited the case of Alice Crinian, and their response was immediate. They would defray the cost of Alice's passage to Canada.

Then we had to explain that she wanted clothes; she could not go in the few things in which she stood up, which were, more or less, all she possessed.

Alice Crinian

"We'll pay for her outfit, too," they said, "and we'll give her £5 to land with so that she shall not arrive in Canada without money."

Think of it—London to Liverpool, Liverpool to Quebec; Quebec to her relatives in Ontario; new clothing provided, and a present of £5 to start her off in the new country!

Alice Crinian is now on her way to her brother and sister on the s.s. *Montcalm*, which left Liverpool on March 30.

Wonderful record

Dreams come true; the terror of being alone in a great city left far behind; the new world opening wide its arms to her; loved ones waiting to give her welcome.

Behind the beneficence of those two good people in Bournemouth is a beautiful story.

They have a love for children that cannot be fully satisfied since it is not their good fortune to have any; and they have decided to play the part of the parents they had wished to be to the children of others.

A pact was made. It was decided that those who most needed help were the youthful ones, embarking or embarked in the hurly-burly of the workaday world, who needed a new country in which to develop.

In their own words: "It gives us a heartfelt satisfaction that for every year of our married life we have been permitted to send one such barque out afloat upon the wider ocean of Life as we see it."

And, wisely we think, they have never assisted anybody who had not a relative in the colony selected. Their record to date is ten—seven boys and three girls. Two of the boys were JOHN BULL cases, and now Alice Crinian is added to our list.

These benefactors, who insist on remaining anonymous, are worthy of the deepest gratitude from those whom they have befriended. Certainly they have the best thanks of JOHN BULL.

ACE OF BANKRUPTS

KEEPING IT IN THE FAMILY

The Sawdust Sacks

WHEN it is possible to make bankruptcy pay, it is time that the law was drastically altered. Especially is this so when genuine traders are made fleeced victims of the bankrupts

THE "professional" bankrupt is often made the subject of jest, but the gross abuse of the bankruptcy laws by people who basely exploit the trading community is no laughing matter.

The extent to which bankruptcy may be practised safely is well illustrated by the activities of the Sacks family, who live and move in the district of Manchester.

Mr. Max Sacks the elder started a business as a clothier and general dealer many years ago. He had a shop in Chapel Street, Salford, another in Church Gate, Stockport, and a third in City Road, Manchester.

Extraordinary story

In 1915 Sacks filed his petition, showing no assets and a deficiency of £840. From this point the business was carried on by his wife Rachel.

Rachel failed handsomely a year or two later with assets estimated at £346 and liabilities set down as £2,850. Morris, a son of Max and Rachel, then took over the business.

In 1924 Morris failed, his assets being only £170 with liabilities amounting to £1,999. His sister Sarah succeeded him, but apparently was no more successful than he.

Sarah, however, did not go bankrupt. She married. Another brother, Max the younger, "took over" her liabilities, said to be £1,500, and paid Sarah £50 for the business as a going concern.

It went all right. Max, the son of Max, presented himself for public examination on February 16 last at the Salford Bankruptcy Court. He gave his age as thirty-eight, his assets as £46 and liabilities £2,232.

When asked by Mr. F. Murgatroyd, the Official Receiver, whose examination disclosed this extraordinary story, if there were any other members of the family to carry on this family failing, the debtor at first said there were none, but afterwards admitted that there were other relatives. He denied, however, that he had had any dealings with them.

Specialising in bankruptcy

An interesting sequel to this story told in the Bankruptcy Court was revealed in the Manchester County Court four weeks later, when Abe Sacks, stated to be a general dealer, of Church Gate, Stockport, was sued by Mr. Sam Seidman, manufacturer's agent, for umbrellas and gramophone records supplied to him.

Abe was described by Mr. Seidman's solicitor as "a member of a happy little family who specialise in going bankrupt."

The fact that Abe was new to the business was clearly shown by his pleading in court that he knew nothing about the umbrellas, but this did not deter Judge T. B. Leigh from giving judgment against him.

The judge asked whether, at the time of the alleged sale of the umbrellas, Abe was the only member of the family who had not gone bankrupt, and the plaintiff's solicitor stated that Max had only "matriculated" last January.

Changed initials

There appears to have been some division of the business among the family, for the shop in City Road, Manchester, from which Morris formerly operated, is now conducted by Mrs. Eva Sacks.

The original Max is, however, the guiding spirit behind all the activities of his sons and daughters and has never ceased to employ himself in the business.

The sons do not confine themselves to shop trading, but vend their goods from stalls at various markets.

During the past twelve years the total admitted deficiencies of the Sacks family have totalled £7,358.

Over the Salford shop window the original name of Sacks was to be seen till recently in all its pre-war dinginess. Where the original letter "M" was, however, there have been several coats of paint.

First "R" appeared for Rachel. Then "R" was altered to "S" for Sarah. Later "M" appeared again for Max the younger, and now, newly painted, the name of the proprietor appears as "A. Sacks."

There does not appear to be any end to this merry little game. So long as the supply of Sacks lasts the business can be kept in the family. So long as goods can be bought on credit for just so long can liabilities continue to pile up.

Serious menace

It may be argued that manufacturers and merchants should exercise more care before parting with goods to traders, but the commerce of this country stands very largely on credit transactions.

Millions of pounds worth of goods are supplied to the British public without references or security. It is only the inherent honesty of the people of this country that has made such a system of trading possible.

Throughout the world the Englishman's word is regarded as equal to or better than his bond.

This growing evasion of liability by the process of going bankrupt; therefore, a serious menace to our commercial stability, and it is time the law relating to bankruptcy was drastically amended.

The debtors' prisons of Dickens' day have been abolished. Yet thousands of people suffer imprisonment because they are unable to pay rates and taxes.

The immunity enjoyed by people who make a business of going bankrupt affords a striking contrast on which our legislators would do well to reflect.

A "SECRET DOCUMENT" FRAUD

THE SEALED UP SWINDLE

A Crook Like Kaiser Bill

THE other day a large manufacturing firm at Wigan received a telephone call from a stranger who described himself as "Major Thornton from Venezuela," and who requested an interview with the firm's managing director on a very important matter of business.

The interview was granted, and on his ceremonious arrival, the major opened the conversation by confiding that he had just returned to England from Venezuela, where he had been engaged in an administrative capacity upon railway construction work.

He was a specialist in that work, he explained, and added that this was perhaps not to be wondered at as he was related to no less eminent a railway authority than Sir Henry Thornton, K.B.E., chairman of the Canadian National Railways.

What the envelope contained

Having thus paved the way, he produced a large envelope, heavily sealed, and containing, so he implied, documents of a very confidential nature.

This package was addressed to the chairman of a very well-known firm at his private address, and was marked "per personal favour of Major G. Thornton, C.G.E.C., Venezuela."

The managing director of the Wigan firm, being a personal friend of the chairman, was duly impressed, and Major Thornton hinted that the envelope contained valuable information relating to oil concessions in Venezuela and was actually signed by the President of that Republic.

He gladly agreed to hand it to his friend when the latter returned.

Major Thornton then departed, but he looked in again on the following day to say that he had been called away to the North on urgent business.

It was necessary for him to leave without a moment's delay, and he would be indebted for a small loan to tide him over until he could change some of his Venezuelan currency.

Placing implicit belief in the major's integrity, the Wigan business man advanced several pounds, and to this day he has never set eyes on his distinguished visitor again.

And when the epoch-making envelope was ultimately opened, it was found to contain a well-thumbed copy of the *Liverpool Post!*

Profitable business

This same rogue has repeated this "secret documents" swindle with audacious persistency, and it has doubtless proved highly profitable, for he has operated all over the country and on some occasions has brought off two and even three coups within a few hours!

At Bristol, for instance, he called at the local office of a large mining company, which possesses huge interests in Newfoundland.

Having previously discovered that the chairman of the concern had died, he stated that he was an engineer in the employ of the Newfoundland Government, on whose behalf he had been commissioned to contract for the delivery of colossal consignments of rails.

As he was leaving immediately for Germany, Thornton asked the manager at Bristol to relieve him of a sealed envelope that was addressed

Sir Henry Thornton, K.B.E., whose name has been scandalously misused by "Major Thornton from Venezuela"

to the head office in London, and to transmit it there by hand. On no account was it to be opened until the next board meeting.

A polite call

Having won the confidence of his dupe he obtained several pounds by similar methods to those employed at Wigan; and when the bulky envelope was opened it was also found to contain a copy of a local paper.

On that very same day, Thornton obtained money from another Bristol firm in much the same sort of way, though in the latter case he elected to style himself "Major Cookson."

He next cropped up at Cambridge, where he passed under the name of "Major Gwilliam Alexander." His first exploit there was to make a polite call upon the wife of a director of a firm with large interests in South America, having ascertained that the husband was away from home.

By way of explanation for his unexpected visit, he confided that he had lately been engaged in railway construction in South America, and that the track was being laid across land owned by her husband's company.

The major went on to explain that he was well known to the lady's husband and to other directors of the company, and hinted that a valuable quantity of platinum had been discovered on the estate.

But, in the absence of her husband, he was unable to divulge any further information until he had obtained instructions from the Brazilian Legation in London.

Throughout his conversation, the distinguished caller displayed a remarkable knowledge of the private affairs of the company involved, and when he left "to telephone to the Legation" no suspicions had been aroused.

He turned up again shortly afterwards with the news that he had now received his instructions, and, with a dramatic flourish, he handed the lady a bulky package, heavily sealed, and addressed, not to the lady's husband, but to one of the other directors.

Armed with details

Then, and only then, he broached the subject of a loan to tide him over until he could get his money changed. His plausible tongue gained him another success, and the envelope, when opened, yielded up a copy of the *Hotel Review!*

While in the Cambridge lady's house, the major contrived to pocket her cheque-book, and since then he has cashed several cheques in an amazing manner.

At Hull, for instance, he called at a hotel and conversed intimately of a local surgeon who had just died. He had armed himself with the fullest details and posed as a relative of the deceased.

In this way he established confidence with the hotel proprietor and eventually succeeded in prevailing upon him to accept one of the stolen cheques.

Without allowing himself much rest from his audacious labours, Thornton also descended upon Rochdale in great style and established himself at a high-class hotel.

From these "headquarters" he telephoned through to a local business man and, again posing as the brother of Sir Henry Thornton, asked for an appointment.

We will not weary our readers with a repetition of Thornton's formula; it will suffice to say that this time he hinted at secret information regarding rubber estates, and left a sealed envelope for the chairman of a famous rubber company. The secret documents were postcards!

Clever methods

The real name of this astonishing swindler is Wilson, and his personal appearance and great charm of manner greatly aid him in his exploits.

He is tall, and of marked military bearing, sporting a Kaiser Wilhelm moustache with well-waxed and upturned ends.

He has the gift of being able to talk intimately and convincingly on almost all branches of industry; while, as a much-travelled man, he never fails to enliven his conversation with picturesque descriptions of places in all parts of the world.

But he has told his tales too long, and it is within our knowledge that he has at least three convictions to his discredit, one being for forgery. The sooner he is back under lock and key again, the better it will be for everyone.

Kitten Gets Scratched

Impudent Application

AFTER initial exposure in John Bull many wrongdoers seek to muzzle us by issuing a writ for libel; but if it is in the public interest to continue our exposures, we ignore such bluffing attempts.

Finding their impudent efforts of no avail, the offenders usually discontinue their actions; but in some cases, with a stubbornness born of desperation, they pursue the matter until they are vanquished in court.

One such action, which will be fresh in our readers' minds, was that brought by a coloured rascal named James Kitten, who conducted an objectionable resort in Great White Lion Street, W.C.

Kitten pursued his action to the bitter end, when, having proved our case up to the hilt, he was finally made a bankrupt. It cost us some hundreds of pounds merely to justify the truth, and we never received a penny!

Now, with characteristic impudence, Kitten has had the audacity to apply at the London Bankruptcy Court for his discharge.

He could not throw dust in the eyes of Mr. Registrar Francke, however, for the latter expressed the strong opinion that Kitten well knew that the statements published in John Bull were true, and that his "frivolous and vexatious action was an impudent attempt to obtain money."

He therefore suspended Kitten's discharge for a period of two years, a decision that our readers will receive with enthusiasm.

A Brick to Drop

CIRCULARS are now being sent out in great numbers from an office at 3, Cannon Street, London, E.C., inviting investors to take up debenture stock in the Great Eastern Brick and Tile Works, Ltd.

Interest at the attractive rate of 10 per cent. is offered, and the business is painted in glowing terms. It is "highly remunerative," we learn, and "probably no other industry can show such large profits."

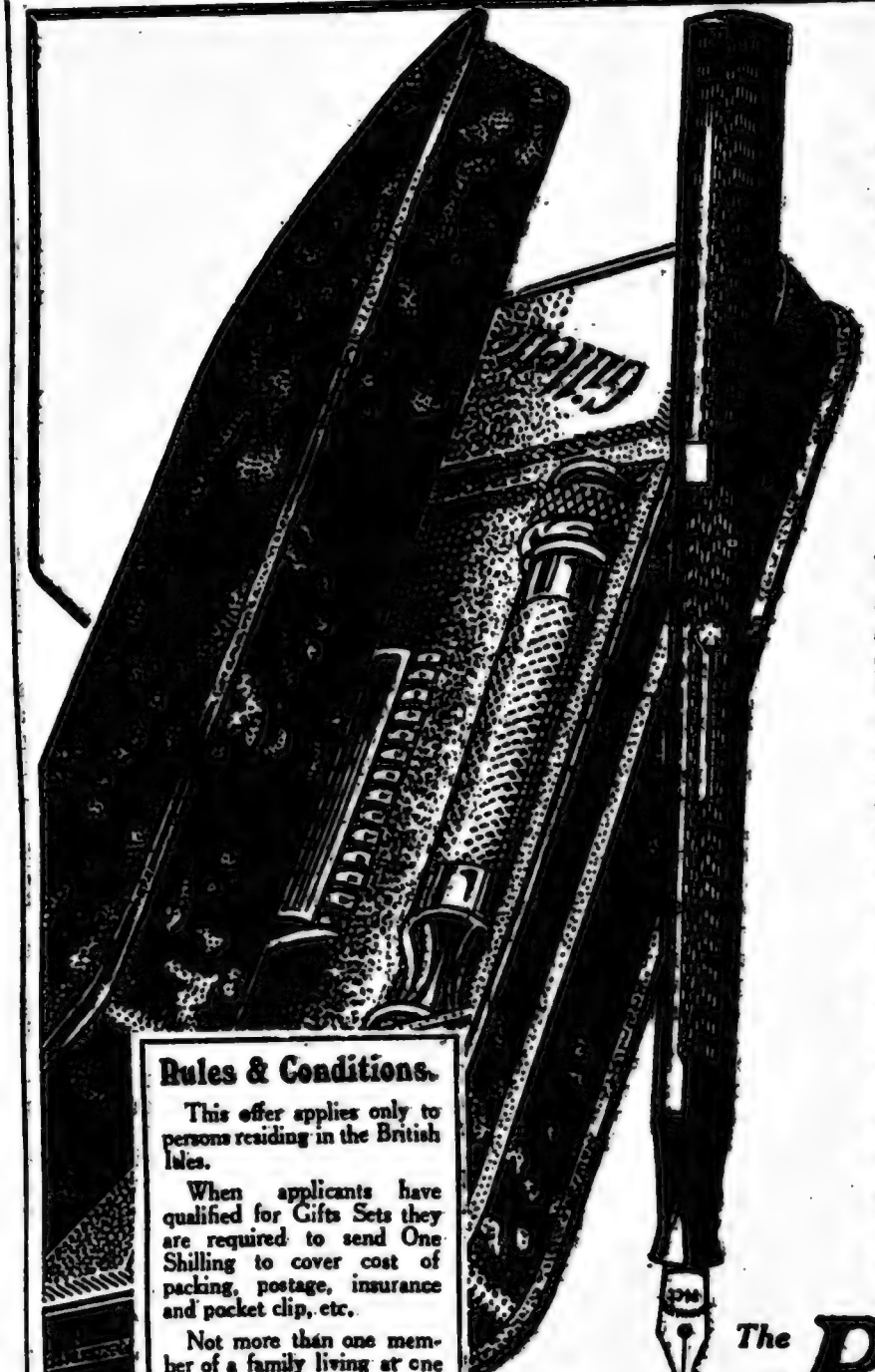
All the same, we would not advise anybody to send him money to the Cannon Street office, which is the headquarters of a concern known as the London Issue Corporation, Ltd.

This high-sounding title is little more than an alias of certain gentlemen who make a practice of foisting all sorts of rubbish upon gullible investors.

When not operating as the London Issue Corporation, they pass as the Building Industries Corporation, but by any other name they would be just as unsavoury, and their various ventures have long been denounced in all reputable financial journals.

The leading light in the various dud debenture issues has been the notorious Harrison Ainsworth, who has figured in previous exposures in this journal. But he contrives to keep as far in the background as possible.

The Great Eastern Bricks, then, are bricks to drop.



Rules & Conditions.

This offer applies only to persons residing in the British Isles.

When applicants have qualified for Gifts Sets they are required to send One Shilling to cover cost of packing, postage, insurance and pocket clip, etc.

Not more than one member of a family living at one address may qualify for one of these gifts.

A 15/6 Gift Free

to every lover of a joke!

Owner: "I say, can you drive a car?"
Stranger: "No, Sir."
Owner: "Splendid fellow! Then just stay here and mind my car for a little while, will you?"
A typical joke from "THE PASSING SHOW."

HERE is an offer which we believe is quite unprecedented in the history of journalism—one which for sheer magnificence and liberality dwarfs anything ever before attempted by a weekly periodical.

If you are NOT already a reader of "The Passing Show," and if you will undertake to give "The Passing Show" a trial for thirteen successive weeks, we will present to you absolutely FREE a superb double gift consisting of a genuine Half-guinea "Gillette" Razor Set AND a 5/- Lever Self-filling "Passing Show" Fountain Pen, fitted with a solid 14-carat gold nib, iridium tipped. In order to qualify for your 15/6 Gift, we ask you to cut out and affix thirteen consecutively numbered coupons from the bottom left-hand corner of the back cover of "The Passing Show" to the Gift Voucher, which will be sent to you on receipt of the Reservation Form below.

Directly your Gift Voucher properly completed is received by "The Passing Show," your FREE 15/6 Double Gift will be forwarded to you without delay. **There is no catch. There are no hidden conditions.** The full rules and conditions are printed on the left.

Obviously we could not afford to make an offer of this nature were we not reasonably certain that after you have taken "The Passing Show" for thirteen weeks you will then wish to remain a regular reader.

There is no other paper quite like "The Passing Show." It is the silver lining to life. It is the best thing in Black and White for the blues. Once you become a regular reader you will find more smiles in life than you ever found before.

Fill in the forms below To-day. Hand the *ORDER FORM* to your Newsagent. Post the *RESERVATION FORM* to "The Passing Show." Upon receipt of the Reservation Form, a Gift Voucher will be posted to you and at the same time a 15/6 Gift will be set aside and reserved in your name. ACT NOW!

The **PASSING SHOW**
2d. BRITAIN'S BRIGHTEST WEEKLY.

Post to "The Passing Show" — *Hand this Form to your Newsagent.*

POST AT ONCE

Reservation Form

To "The PASSING SHOW" (Dept. J1), 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

This form reserves in *your name* the double gift of a Genuine Half-Guinea "Gillette" Razor Set and a 5/- Lever Self-filling Fountain Pen. [Z] *Leave this space blank.*

VERY IMPORTANT.

Cut out the label on the left very neatly round the dotted line and enclose it with this Reservation Form. This label which will be used by "The Passing Show" for sending to you your Gift Voucher MUST be filled in by you with your name and full postal address written VERY CLEARLY IN BLOCK LETTERS. A halfpenny stamp to cover return postage MUST be affixed to blank square provided.

I CERTIFY that I am NOT already a reader of "The Passing Show" and that I have not purchased "The Passing Show" for the last three months; also that I have not already qualified for one of the Free 15/6 Gift Sets under this scheme. I undertake, commencing with the number on sale this week, to give "The Passing Show" a trial for thirteen consecutive weeks. I have to-day placed an order with the undermentioned newsagent for the regular delivery of "The Passing Show," and give his name and address for verification purposes. In accordance with your special offer, please reserve in my name your Free Gift of a Half-Guinea "Gillette" Razor Set and a 5/- Lever Self-Filling Fountain Pen, and also send me the 15/6 Gift Voucher on which I may qualify for my gift. As I have now placed a standing order for the regular delivery of "The Passing Show," please register me under "The Passing Show" Free Travel and Accident Insurance Gift and send me Registration Certificate setting forth full benefits and conditions. NB.—You may put this form together with label on left in an unsealed envelope bearing a halfpenny stamp. Be sure to fill in label on left with your name and full postal address or discount—affix halfpenny stamp—cut label out neatly and send it in together with this Reservation Form.

New Reader's Name .....

Address .....

.....

New Reader's Signature .....

Newsagent's Name .....

Address ..... Date .....

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY. Don't forget to affix halfpenny stamp to label on left and send in at discount. (J.B. 7.4.28.)

½d. Stamp MUST BE affixed here to cover return postage.

Name .....

Address .....

If undelivered return to "Passing Show" (Dept. J.1.), 85, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

Kindly cut out above neatly round dotted line.

HAND THIS FORM TO YOUR NEWSAGENT

ORDER FORM

"The Passing Show"
(Twopence Weekly)

To .....
(Name of Newsagent)

Address .....

.....

Please deliver or reserve "The Passing Show" for me weekly until further notice.

Signature .....

Address .....

.....

Date .....

YOU cannot destroy Christ. "Christians" crucify Him daily, but He rises again. That is the true message of Easter—that the real Christ is still alive and will conquer in the end

Two Terrible Photographs

by The Rev. G. A. STUDDERT-KENNEDY *("Woodbine Willie")*

I HAVE before me as I sit down to write two very interesting photographs taken in Russia. The first is a picture of a school-room, and under it is written, "Corner of the Anti-religious School for Youth in Moscow."

In it you see four small boys sitting at a table and looking at pictures, while behind them a lad of about twelve years of age is displaying and explaining to five girls of his own age more pictures which are placarded on the wall.

I have specimens of these pictures, and the purpose of every bit and of the letterpress underneath is to teach that God does not exist, and that belief in God is superstitious nonsense, which does nothing and has done nothing but harm in the world.

The second photograph represents "The Komosol School—A Lecture on the Non-Existence of God." It is a good, sharp photograph, and in it you see seventy young men and young women with eager, intelligent faces, listening to a lecturer who is earnestly endeavouring to prove that the idea of God is poisonous superstition.

There is no possible doubt about the genuineness of the photographs or the reality of what they represent. This atheistic and anti-religious education of young people of all ages, from infancy upwards, is a very important part of the government policy of Bolshevist Russia.

Magic of martyrdom

It is, of course, easy to hold up one's hands in holy horror and to denounce these blasphemers as wicked men. It is possible to call down the wrath of God upon them, and to threaten them with eternal torment in the world to come. But you might as well keep your breath to cool your porridge, for you would do no good.

To begin with, they are used to such treatment, and familiarity breeds contempt. Many of these enthusiastic atheists endured bitter persecution for their opinions under the Czarist government, and the Russian Orthodox Church was never weary of calling down the wrath of God on their devoted heads.

It is this very persecution that has confirmed them in their belief of unbelief, and the memory of it is the secret of their present power over the minds of their fellow-countrymen. They speak as men who know because they have suffered. There is the magic of martyrdom in their biting blasphemies.

Moreover, as I read through the specimens of their teaching which I have before me, I am bound to confess that there is a great deal of truth in it. The way in which they put their truth is abominable. It is coarse, brutal, unreasonable, and often filthy. But even in this loathsome setting the power of the truth remains.

Poisonous superstitions

The fact of the matter is that the God they disbelieve in I disbelieve in, and the Christ they curse and mock at I would curse and mock at too.

The God they disbelieve in is a bully and a slave-driver, and the Christ they curse and mock at is a coward and a slave, who encourages cowardice and slavery by promising that those who are patient slaves on earth shall be joyful saints in heaven.

This God and this Christ are poisonous and powerful superstitions which for centuries have, indeed, done dirty work in the world and are doing it still. No honest man can deny that the Christian religion has been used to encourage cowardice and cruelty, and is used for that foul purpose still.

The doctrine that the Crucifixion of Christ, which we commemorate this week, was a sacrifice offered to an angry and offended God, and was necessary to save mankind from endless and ingeniously cruel torments which that God would otherwise have inflicted upon them as a punishment for their sins, is a barbarous superstition which has encouraged cruelty and kept men under the bondage of fear for hundreds of years.

Tormented childhood

We are by no means quit of that superstition yet. It was only yesterday, so to speak, that we began to revolt from it, and you can still find men and women whose childhood was tormented by the teaching of hell fire and the righteous wrath of God against sinners.

Christianity was taught as a religion of force and fear, and was used by the strong to bind their chains more firmly round the bodies and the souls of the weak.

As Charles Kingsley puts it in "Parson Lot's Second Letter to the People," the Bible was used as "a special constable's handbook—an opium dose of deadly fear to keep the beasts of burden patient while they were being over-loaded."

Threats of hell and hopes of heaven were both used for the same purpose—to keep the suffering donkey still. The threats fell fast like sticks behind, and the hopes were held like tempting carrots on in front.

There is no doubt that the hope of heaven hereafter has made men willing to tolerate a perfectly unnecessary and avoidable hell here, and that the cruelty of God has been used to justify and make respectable the cruelty of man.

Poverty, pestilence and loathsome diseases due to ignorance and dirt were said to be sent by God as punishments for sin. God could remove them as easily as He sent them if only He could be persuaded by prayer to change His mind and have mercy on His people.

Hopeless task

The people were, therefore, encouraged to put their trust in miracles rather than in medicine, surgery or sanitation. They looked to God to help them and made small shift to help themselves.

From this mass of ignorance, sloth, superstition and brutality with its ghoulish God, its martyrs' bones, and its magic shrines, its fiendish hell and tinsel heaven, the Christianity of Western Europe has slowly and painfully broken free.

But the soul of the Russian people remained in bondage to this God and this Christ with their dirt, their deviltry, their fatalism and despair, and it is against them that the Bolshevist has revolted.

But the tragedy of it is that though they have rebelled against the old Gods they have not succeeded in destroying them. They have not changed their natures, they have only changed their names.

They have attempted to destroy cruelty by cruelty, tyranny by counter-tyranny, force by force, and fear by fear. This is as utterly impossible as it is to melt ice with blocks of ice, or quench fire with burning oil.

But before we judge or condemn them, let us look at home and lay the lesson that their terror teaches us to heart. So long as we continue to seek peace by preparation for war and call in God and Christ to bless our aeroplanes and bombs; so long as we continue to let our people rot in slums while we preach to them contentment and the hope of heaven; so long as we can bring

The Rev. G. A. Studdert-Kennedy

ourselves to believe that there is no remedy for the state of things that exists in the valleys of South Wales; so long as we drive men to desperation and to crime by foul conditions and then punish their crimes in prisons; so long as we believe that we can save our souls by singing hymns and saying prayers while these evil things continue to exist, the old Gods have got us still.

The devil in robes

The real Christ is still crucified and crucified by Christians as He has been for two thousand years. The old animal devil that lives in us all is never so powerful as he is when he bears the name and wears the robes of Christ.

Wearing that robe and bearing that name he made Christians burn their fellow-Christians at the stake to save their souls from hell. Wearing that robe and bearing that name he still makes Christians hate one another, sunders the Church into spiteful sects, maintains the bloated armaments of Christendom, stirs up wars, and makes the western world a byword for plunder and rapacity.

He achieves his supremest success when he can make men say that God is no good. But to spite the seeming triumphs of this old beast and all the dirt that he has thrown upon the name of Christ, I believe that time is with the real Christ, and that He will conquer in the end.

What Easter means

That is what Easter means to me. You cannot kill the real Christ. He will always rise again. Men have mixed Him up with the devil and covered His name with dirt. They have declared a hundred times that He is dead and buried, but He comes again with His challenge and His new commandment that we love one another.

He will not be beaten and He will not let us go. He is the only God Who is any good. He is the only God Who can grip and throttle the evil passions in our hearts and really set us free.

We have done our best to kill Him during these years of war and so-called peace, but in our hearts we know that He is risen and has gone before us into Galilee.

Even in Russia there are signs of a return to the real Christ. The day will come when on Easter Day the Russian peasant will greet his neighbour with the old cry, "He is Risen," but it will have a new and glorious meaning as out of the old Russia the new Russia rises to bear her part in building a decent, Christian world.

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In Poudre Tokalon you will find a powder suited to your skin and your complexion too. The *Mousse of Cream*, so skilfully blended with Poudre Tokalon, freshens your skin. It prevents a shiny nose and instantly banishes all signs of greasiness. Poudre Tokalon stays on for hours and hours. Gusty winds cannot blow it off, and perspiration from dancing in warm rooms will not spoil the smooth loveliness of your complexion.

It is impossible to detect Poudre Tokalon on the face. All that is noticed is the satin-like smoothness it gives your skin, the soft, youthful bloom it imparts to your complexion, and the faint, elusive fragrance of its delicate scent. Society women, stage celebrities—all those women whose complexions *must* be beautiful, use Poudre Tokalon.

Try this harmless powder, this powder which prevents roughness and wrinkles, and which protects your skin from wind, cold and dampness; this powder which beautifies and imparts a refreshing, youthful bloom to your complexion. There is a full range of shades from which to choose, either in attractive boxes or dainty compact form.

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2/- WEEKLY

Quantum Cycle Co. COVENTRY.

MR. HAYLAND HEARTY—EVERYBODY'S FRIEND

"One moment old man—let me offer a word of advice"

Mr. Poorly: Don't stop me—I've an appointment with the doctor.

Mr. Hayland Hearty: I wouldn't stop you from seeing the doctor for worlds. He of all people will know best what to do about that indigestion of yours. But let me make a little prophecy. I'll bet you a pound to a bus-ticket that he tells you to take light, easily-digested meals—not to hurry over your breakfast—to eat more wholegrain food. How can you expect to keep healthy on white bread and other refined concoctions which have been robbed of so many valuable food-elements that they've only a shadow of a resemblance to the original whole wheat? Take vitamins for instance—there isn't a ghost of one in a quartern loaf of white bread.

Mr. Poorly: I don't get this vitamin idea at all.

Mr. Hayland Hearty: Vitamins, my friend, are as necessary in our food as ham in a ham-sandwich. They are responsible for life and growth. Now, the most important of all is vitamin "B"—the vitamin you get in Shredded Wheat. Vitamin "B" keeps you "up to the scratch." Its absence leads to a lot of disorders, including that wretched complaint which is your undoing—indigestion. Eat Shredded Wheat for breakfast with hot or cold milk and eat it for luncheon with fruits, fresh or stewed. Do that for a couple of weeks and I guarantee you'll feel a different man. You can't go wrong with Shredded Wheat. It's a pure, natural food—nothing is added to the whole wheat or taken away—and the crisp shreds can be digested with ease by anybody.

Mr. Poorly: I must be off—

Mr. Hayland Hearty: One moment. You needn't take my word for all this. Ask your doctor.

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100% FOOD

EIGHTPENCE
(In U.K. only)

"The Vitamin Breakfast"

If you have not tried Shredded Wheat write for free trial packet. The Shredded Wheat Co., Ltd., (Dept. 29), Welwyn Garden City, Herts.

"Bullets" Prize-winners

(Continued from page 35.)

25 Winners.

G. M. SAMPSON, 52, Warwick Road, Bootle, Liverpool. WHAT'S WRONG WITH PARLIAMENT—ALL "CHLOROFORM"—NO "OPERATIONS."
A. SMITH, 2, Cowslip Street, Paddock, Huddersfield. WHAT'S WRONG WITH PARLIAMENT—ONLY OPENING CEREMONY "BRILLIANT."
G. SMITH, Point Fish Stores, Leytonstone Road, E. PEACE ON EARTH—OVERDUE DESPITE LEAGUE'S "INSTRUMENT."
MRS. STRONG, 125, Regent Street, Whitstable. OUR LAND—MAKE GREAT—DON'T MIGRATE.
R. A. TAYLOR, Howstrake Camp, Douglas, I.O.M. MAN WITH A MILLION—SLEPT BEHIND HIS COUNTER.
H. THOMAS, The Yews, Summerhill, Wrexham. PEACE ON EARTH—"PLEDGE" AMERICA WOULDN'T SIGN.

100 Winners of £1:

D. G. Bacon, 18, Neville St., Norwich.
J. Beard, 34, Manor St., St. Helens.
G. W. Bennett, 107, Church Rd., Haydock, Lancs.
J. R. Best, 46, Briercliffe Rd., Chorley, Lancs.
Mrs. A. Birch, 8, Cranmer Av., West Ealing.
Mrs. M. A. Blackwell, 46, Hillside, Stoke Heath.
Mrs. Bridge, 59, Shaftesbury Rd., Romford.
A. Broadbent, 66, Main St., Woodhouse Eaves.
M. R. Brown, 13, Leeson St., Aylestone, Leicester.
E. K. Cornell, 157, Holton Rd., Barry.
T. Cannon, 35, Harcourt Road, West Ham, E.
H. W. Cossens, Knowsa, St. Leonards-on-Sea.
A. Coward, 75, Compton Rd., Brigatn.
A. B. Cox, 79, Spring Rd., Sholing, Southampton.
H. Crook, 63, North Rd., Preston.
W. S. Dailey, 29, Chester St., Coventry.
D. Davies, 12, Baptist Sq., Ferndale, Glam.
D. R. Davies, 13, Hannah St., Porth, Rhondda.
Mrs. F. Dawson, 54, High St., Buxton.
D. Dee, 37, Stalker Lees Rd., Sheffield.
Mrs. L. Denyer, 5, Liverpool Rd., Luton, Beds.
A. J. Dickson, 53, Preston Drove, Brighton.
A. Dixon, "Rathad," 47, Shakespeare St., Coventry.
N. C. Edge, 111, Elm Grove Rd., Barnes, S.W.
A. C. Ellis, 45, Boscawen Rd., Battersea Park, S.W.
H. Evans, Pontlottyn Shop, Abertillery, Mon.
T. Evans, 122, Dibble Rd., Smethwick.
T. G. Falkner, North Stoneham, Newark-on-Trent.
J. T. Fennelow, Leverington, Nr. Wisbech, Cambs.
Mrs. J. Fielding, 45, Stubbin Lane, Sheffield.
C. B. Finch, 35, Bell St., Reigate, Surrey.
F. Francis, 13a, Morat St., Brixton, S.W.
L. H. Gallant, 458, Dereham Rd., Norwich.
O. Gasser, 15, George St., Bedford.
J. Gilroy, 84, Whiterock, Glens., Belfast.
G. D. Gower, 27, Burleigh Park Rd., Plymouth.
G. Hannah, 33, Castlegate, Malton.
Mrs. Harrison, 18, Fleetwood Rd., Dollis Hill, N.W.
S. Hassell, 83, Well St., Tunstall, Stoke-on-Trent.
C. S. Hasnip, 6, Rose Pl., Boston, Lincs.
D. Hemming, 5, Wilputte Terrace, Ebbw Vale, Mon.
R. Hewitt, "Palace Cot," Charing, Kent.
P. Honeyman, 31, Canal St., Perth.
W. Hopper, 20, Castle St., Canterbury.
C. J. Hudson, 5, Spring Glen, Pontefract.
F. James, Byron Villa, Herne St., London, W.
W. H. Jobson, 93, Commercial Rd., London, E.
Mrs. D. Johnson, 19, Mountjoy Pl., Newport, Mon.
Mrs. A. Jones, 5, Market Pl., St. Albans, Herts.
R. L. Jones, Boosbeck, Dee Banks, Chester.
F. G. Jones, 27, Florida Rd., Thornton, Heath.
J. E. Jones, 5, New Rd., Neath Abbey, Skewen, Glam.
A. W. Jones, 5, Bayborough Rd., Westgate-on-sea.
R. F. Lawrance, 29, Hampstead Rd., Newcastle.
Mrs. G. Lawrenson, 5, Bromley Av., Fleetwood.
C. W. Lee, 24, Rocky Lane, Anfield, L'pool.
T. J. Lloyd, 102, Barnsley Rd., Moorends, Thorne.
H. Lowe, 56, Yates St., Bolton, Lancs.
R. R. Macdonald, 38, Renfrew St., Glasgow.
R. McDonald, 15, Hill St., Pembroke Dock.
Miss N. McKay, 43, Stirlingstead St., Kirkintilloch.
Mrs. N. McLean, 34, Coundon Rd., Coventry.
B. Mallett, The Outlaw, North Emsall, Hatfield.
S. T. Marsh, 11, Highfields, Cheddesden.
F. Mattinson, 11, Moseball Rd., Sheffield.
G. Morley, 246, Cleveland St., Birkenhead.
W. Nicholas, 2, Mona Terrace, Pemberton, Llanelly.
Miss G. Oldfield, 25, Chestnut Av., Carcroft.
W. T. Ord, 44, Percy King St., North Shields.
S. O'Reilly, 572, Canterbury St., Gillingham, Kent.
E. Parr, 166, Hardshaw St., St. Helens, Lancs.
B. Pedlinson, 24, Pelham Rd., Saltley, B'ham.
G. L. Peet, Coverham, Leyburn, Yorks.
E. Peet, 39, Charles St., Weymouth.
C. Pringle, Mayfield, Kinross.
J. V. Richards, 4, Vivian Av., Wallasey.
A. Ridgway, 71, Cooper St., Hazel Grove, Ches.
W. R. Rolfe, 1, Woodcote Av., Thornton Heath.
A. Roylance, 3, Buntington St., Nelson, Lancs.
Miss Scott, Lime Tree Cottage, Belper, Nr. Derby.
Miss M. Scott, 40, Bedford Rd., St. Albans.
Mrs. G. E. Sewell, 227, Ashby Rd., Scunthorpe.
J. Sharpe, 45a, Dunbarton Rd., Partick, Glasgow.
W. G. Sheppard, 30, Benares Rd., Plumstead.
H. N. Sherrock, 79, Granville Rd., Morecambe.
Mrs. D. P. Siebert, 38, Grasmere Av., Acton, W.
G. Sim, 4, Fleming St., Riccarton, Kilmarnock.
Miss J. Slater, 1, Bates St., Sheffield.
Mrs. G. Smith, 11, Brora St., Glasgow.
L. Staaley, 111, Burton Rd., Brixton, S.W.
Mrs. Taylor, St. Margarets, S.C. Road, Dublin.
J. T. Taylor, 73, Gloucester Rd., Chesterfield.
Mrs. Thom, 21, Warrender Park Terrace, Edinburgh.
E. Thompson, c/o 168, Shrewsbury St., Manchester.
F. Tippett, 17, Albany Rd., Stroud Green, N.
A. Tomkinson, 1, Steigbs St., St. Edward St., Leek.
H. Watts, 89, Westfield Rd., Portsmouth.
A. Wheatley, 76, South St., Ilkeston.
Mrs. F. S. Widgery, 41, New St., Rothes, Moray.
Miss Young, 6, Airedale View, Woodlesford, Leeds.

A Complete List of 269 5/- and 2,000 2/6 Prize-winners can be seen at the offices of "John Bull."

ADVANCE EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" No. 633

WOMAN'S WORLD—ACTS OF PARLIAMENT—WHERE MONEY COMES FROM—PERSEVERANCE—"SEARCH US!"—THE POST OFFICE—GOING TO THE COUNTRY—EXHAUSTED—SEX WAR—WHAT THE FROG SAID—HER FAVOURITE—TALKING BUSINESS—LADY DOCTOR—GOOD WORD—MAN WITH A CONSCIENCE—FRIENDS—CONQUERING THE AIR—UNPLEASANT TRUTH—IN SPITE OF EVERYTHING—WHAT IS A RACE?

(Continued on page 34.)

Candid Communications

Outspoken Messages to Celebrities, Notorieties and, occasionally, Nonentities

To the Rt. Hon. STANLEY BALDWIN, M.P., 10, Downing Street, S.W.

Dear Sir,—I fail to see on what logical grounds any Government could object to a Ministry of Defence in lieu of the three existing Service Departments. Not only would it tend towards economy, but it would certainly lead to increased efficiency. Is it that you fear less potency from the standpoint of aggression once the friendly rivalry between the Services has been wiped out? John Bull.

To the Rt. Hon. Sir W. JOYNSON-HICKS, M.P., Home Secretary.

Dear Sir,—I admire your human admission that you would like to work from ten to four, with two hours off for dinner, but why it should only be possible in "the world of the future" is a puzzle. That half the world at present must work itself to death in order to gain a living while the other half cannot find a job of any sort to do points to something terribly wrong in social management. Any people not entirely lunatic would set about altering it. John Bull.

To the Rt. Hon. L. S. AMERY, M.P., Colonial Secretary.

Dear Sir,—Your admission that you were not consulted prior to the issue of licences for the export of two million Lee-Enfield cartridges on November 9 last, 400,000 cartridges on November 22, and two million this month is most amazing. There may be "no evidence" that British soldiers have been killed by this ammunition sold to Ibn Saud, but where is the guarantee of the opposite? John Bull.

To the Rt. Hon. PHILIP SNOWDEN, M.P., St. Ermins, Caxton Street, S.W.

Dear Sir,—To the Tory contention that Protection promotes trade you retort that during the year duties were unimposed the total export of motor-cars rose from 3,300 to 7,416, since when the proportionate expansion has decreased. Lace exports, also, are less by £300,000 under the tariff "safeguard," and a thousand fewer hands are employed. The logical conclusion is clear.

John Bull.

To the Rt. Hon. J. RAMSAY MACDONALD, M.P., Upper Frognal Lodge, Frognal, N.W.

Dear Sir,—While it may be true that we are living in times of assured peace, since another war like the last is impossible on economic grounds for twenty or thirty years, what of our children and grandchildren? You do well to remind men and women who lived through the last war of the shamefulness of inaction. Those who do not work to make war impossible are flinging the children of the future into the furnace. John Bull.

To the Rt. Hon. LORD OLIVIER, K.C.M.G., C.B., Ramsden, Charlbury.

My Lord,—Your regret that the Vice-Chancellor of Oxford University prohibited the holding of a meeting against cruel sports in term time is shared by all sensible men. Dr. Pember may know the temper of his young barbarians, but the more row they had made at a meeting of this sort the better the country would have been able to judge the quality of those who call themselves British gentlemen and deem themselves heaven-born rulers. John Bull.

To Mr. W. M. CITRINE, Secretary, Trades Union Congress.

Dear Sir,—Now that Labour leaders of your experience and eminence have reached the conclusion that strikes should only be used after all other methods have failed, and as a final resort, there is hope of a long continuance of industrial peace. The pity is that so many workers are easily swayed by the mouthings of extremists, on whose mischievous activities it is difficult to put the brake. John Bull.

To His Grace the ARCHBISHOP OF YORK, Bishopthorpe Palace, York.

Your Grace,—I share your despair of the human race if the generation which has learned such a war lesson as ours is incapable of imprinting that lesson decisively on the minds of the people of the world. But is the Church pulling its full weight in this direction? The Christian religion teaches that in every human heart is a spark of the divine life. If that is appealed to I cannot think it will be unteachable, even in regard to the wickedness of war. John Bull.

To Sir ROBERT A. HADFIELD, F.R.S., Hadfields, Ltd., Sheffield.

Dear Sir,—You may well ask, What has the Government done to assist the iron and steel industry? and the answer is another query, What has it done to assist anything? You do not ask for Protection, but believe there are many other fair and reasonable ways in which assistance could be given. I fully agree. There is, for instance, the lessening of taxation. John Bull.

To the BISHOP OF KINGSTON-ON-THAMES, Kingston House, Clapham, S.W.

Rt. Rev. Sir,—I like your idea of a special court of law to deal with idlers—that is, if all men charged with "living without visible means of subsistence" included those who live without rendering "visible" service to the community. I agree that anyone, no matter what his station in life, found guilty of "eating without working" should be properly sentenced. John Bull.

To Mr. J. STUART JONES, Controller of Telegraphs.

Dear Sir,—The reputations of Lord Ashfield, Sir Hardman Lever and Sir Harry McGowan are not likely to suffer owing to your biased and vitriolic criticism. You brand their conclusions as vapourings, and their report as a monument of inconsistencies. Considering that they were appointed by the Government to investigate the telegraph service, your remarks are as impudent as they are silly. John Bull.

To His Honour JUDGE CRAWFORD, Edmonton County Court.

Your Honour,—When told that a man's Army pension amounted to 17s. 11d. per week, you wondered why the Government so often fixed on such odd amounts. Reminds one of a draper's shop, doesn't it? Perhaps your supposition that the object was to give employment to an extra few hundred clerks was not so wide of the mark. The abolition of red-tape would serve the economists well. John Bull.

To Mr. R. COPPOCK, National Federation of Building Trades Operatives.

Dear Sir,—Permit me to remind you that there is no surer method of bringing a worthy cause into disrepute than to overstate its claims to consideration, and that ill-tempered abuse is ever suspect. "The non-unionist is a thief," you bluntly affirm; as one would say, he who sees not eye to eye with me is criminally and deliberately blind. Somewhat impertinent an assumption, is it not? John Bull.

Straight from the Shoulder

Mr. Churchill:—"You cannot have one year's basis which helps the taxpayer and object to it when it helps the Exchequer."

Where's the one year's basis that helps the taxpayer?

* * *

Mr. Lloyd George:—"You have to go through a labyrinth of sub-committees in order to trap the smallest rabbit in the warren."

Which serves everybody right for not attacking the antiquated method of Parliamentary procedure.

* * *

Mr. F. C. Goodenough:—"I feel there is an infinitely greater future in store for this country than ever in the past."

And will remain in store until we get a different kind of management.

* * *

Mr. Bromley, M.P.:—"Trade union membership has been reduced to 4,150,000 against 5,337,000 in 1920."

A sure proof that neither wars abroad nor wars at home are good for trade unionism.

NO MAN'S LAND

PLAYER'S

Plain or tipped with cork of pure natural growth

10 for 6D.
20 for 11½D.
50 for 2/5 100 for 4/8

PLAYER'S NAVY CUT.

REGD No 134011

"It's the Tobacco that Counts"

N.C.C. 325

Without Fear or Favour—by the Editor

THE WRITING ON THE WALL

WHO ARMED THE ANGEL?

The Great Peace Lie

LAST December Mr. Arthur Ponsonby, M.P., handed to the Prime Minister a declaration signed by over 128,000 people signifying their uncompromising refusal to assist in the waging of international war in any circumstances whatever.

The other day Mr. Rennie Smith, M.P., presented a petition for disarmament signed by nearly 100,000 people. The petition urged the British Government to take the initiative in proposing the adoption of the standard of disarmament which was imposed on Germany and her Allies by the Peace Treaty as the basis for general international disarmament.

Both these things are symptomatic of the increasing horror and distress that sane people feel when they remember the very categorical pledge given in the Peace Treaty with regard to disarmament and when they look round and see the position of Europe to-day.

It is worth while reminding our readers yet once again that before the Treaty of Versailles was signed Germany was given a specific pledge signed by all the Allied Governments. Germany was categorically assured that her disarmament was not required solely with the object of rendering it impossible for her to resume a policy of military aggression, but was the first step towards a general limitation of armaments.

THE years have passed and nothing whatever has been done to redeem that pledge. To-day there are 3,700,000 men under arms in Europe, and the latest figures of estimated expenditure on Army, Navy and Air Forces of the eight principal "armed" countries total over £557,000,000.

Even this colossal amount of money does not represent the direct expenditure on armaments, for in Russia, for example, a great deal of the supplies of the Russian army are from taxation in kind and not in money and so do not figure in any estimates.

In any case, the direct monetary expenditure on armaments is a fleabite compared with the total effect of this colossal and crushing burden. Quite apart from the wasted money, Europe is keeping practically four million men from pursuing productive occupations. It is busy building and keeping in repair strategic lines of transport which are totally uneconomic and totaliy useless except for military purposes.

It is the maintenance of this huge burden of armaments that keeps alive the destructive tariff war from which Europe's production suffers. It is this monstrous burden that reduces continually the standard of living in almost every country in the world.

AFTER nine years of peace it is surely time that the most powerful Government in the world, and the one most able to afford to make a definite and drastic suggestion simply because its motives could not possibly be misunderstood, should step forward boldly and signify its willingness to take the lead in the disarmament and consolidation of peace that the whole nation passionately desires.

We must establish peace or we shall be inevitably destroyed by war. That is the choice before us, and this is the time for deciding. It is no good preaching peace when war has broken out.

The most significant fact about both the declaration presented by Mr. Ponsonby and the petition presented by Mr. Rennie Smith is that both these vast collections of signatures were obtained without any money, without any particular organisation, with just so much effort as a few individuals could accomplish.

If they had been backed up by any powerful organisation, if they had had unlimited money at their disposal, the signatures would not have been numbered in thousands but in millions.

Statesmen are blind indeed if they cannot see the trend of people's minds to-day. They will be worse than criminal if they do not realise it and act accordingly.

The Rt. Hon. Lord Parmoor, one of the signatories to Mr. Rennie Smith's petition for disarmament

TRAPS FOR TRAMPERS

The Profiteering Councillors

THE pitfalls in the path of unemployed men grow in number and subtlety. Heaven knows that in the natural order of things the downward progress of the unemployed man is fatally easy. His household possessions steadily dwindle, and his wardrobe goes to rags. As his boots are tramped off his feet, and he reaches the down-and-out stage, he finds every step along the road to rehabilitation more difficult.

In such circumstances he is open to the first offer. It is to their lasting disgrace that this fact is being taken advantage of by the unscrupulous. "Men are going ten-a-penny; therefore labour should be cheap" would appear to be the line of argument. When public bodies stoop to these tactics it is even more scandalous.

Yet how otherwise is it possible to explain such a notice as that recently posted outside "Teesville," announcing that a cleaner was required for a newly-built school by the N. R. of Yorkshire County Council?

An unemployed reader, wandering along Normanby Road, read this notice. Thinking that at long last he might be on a good thing, he applied for the necessary forms of application. He got them.

All that can be said in favour of the council is that its would-be school cleaners were invited to buy no pig in a poke. On the contrary, the prospective duties were detailed with admirable clarity.

Starting at 7 a.m. to "light fires and supply fuel, attend the furnace and maintain even heat throughout the school," the cleaner is told that "during severe weather one is expected to remain on duty the whole night in order to ensure circulation of the pipes."

Apparently this is not to be compensated for by daylight sleep, since morning fires must be made up, grates cleaned, hearths swept, desks, forms, "etc.," dusted, urinals cared for, clean towels supplied, playground cleaned, gully traps cleaned out, and water turned off at w.c. taps.

Rest at week-ends would seem equally taboo, since then it is that the cloakrooms, avatories, basins, entrances, passages, hearths, conveniences, flags, towels and dusters must all be washed; walls, maps, pictures and diagrams be dusted, and stoves and fireplaces blackleaded. If any time remains after this is done, it can be filled in by keeping an account of the week's gas consumption.

But clerkly duties do not stop here, for reports must be made of any damage done (with dates and cause) and the condition of premises generally. When snow falls, it must be cleared.

The remuneration offered for this jack-of-all-trades, morning-noon-and-night post is ten whole shillings a week, out of which the cleaner must buy his own wash-leathers, floor cloths, dusters, soap, soda, blacklead and rubbing stone.

We leave it at that, and so, we imagine, will any workless man who still has any brains left in his head.

CALL THEM IN!

Quick Action Wanted

RARELY have the Parliamentary tables been turned with such sudden neatness as Mr. J. H. Hayes, the ex-police sergeant M.P., displayed in the toy pistol incident. He produced the weapon, and its businesslike aspect brought the Speaker to his feet in a flash.

With ponderous solemnity he quoted the ancient rule against the production of arms of any kind in the House.

With a sly smile Mr. Hayes instantly pocketed the nasty-looking toy as he observed, "According to the law, this is not a firearm, but a toy.

"However, the Speaker's proper alarm at the sight of the weapon is sufficient justification for the passing of the Bill."

The Bill introduced by Mr. Hayes is believed to have the support of the Home Office.

Since the smooth-bore "toy" pistol can be almost instantly turned into a lethal weapon, and is, in fact, often so converted by criminals, the Bill seeks to bring it within the scope of the present Firearms Act, after which anyone possessing or buying one of these pistols will need to have an official permit.

Quite frankly, we are not interested in this Bill.

We do not care whether it passes or not, for the simple reason that the ridiculous ease with which permits for firearms can be obtained will make it of no effect.

Our proposals were outlined in our issue of March 3. We then demanded that the Government should stop the sale of murder by making it illegal for any private person to own a revolver. They are of no use except to kill.

"Permits" are not granted for bombs and machine-guns. Why, then, for pistols? Fix a date for every revolver in the country to be handed in to the police, and after that let prosecution for *possession*, not use, begin.

Bedlam Badly Beaten

by A. G. GARDINER

RATES must be paid, but they need not be squandered after they have been paid. Quite as important as a more equitable rating system is to keep the wastrels away from the till

The Rt. Hon. Winston S. Churchill, M.P., Chancellor of the Exchequer

RATES and taxes are among the major afflictions of life. They cling to us like limpets to the ship's bottom. They are the price we have to pay for the privilege of living in a social community with all its amenities, securities and guarantees.

We hate them, but we could not exist without them, and our only business in regard to them is to see that they are levied justly and administered economically.

Whether we hate taxes or rates the more, depends on our particular circumstances; but from the business point of view there is no doubt that rates are the worse affliction.

Taxes are levied according to our income. If we make more we pay more; if less, less; and if we don't make any profit at all, we don't pay any tax. But rates take no account of income. They have to be paid whether we make money or lose money, and when a slump comes they fall with crushing weight on the victims of depression.

Adding to suffering

That has been the case during the past seven lean years. During those years rates have risen by leaps and bounds. The worse business has been, the higher the rates have been. And the most cruel aspect of the matter is that those places which have suffered most from bad trade are precisely the places where the rates are most swollen.

Thus in the coal districts and the engineering centres, owing to the unemployment relief, many of the public bodies are bankrupt and staggering under a load of debt that they can never hope to catch up.

And observe the consequences. The more the rates go up the more the cost of production goes up, and the more difficult it is for business to compete on terms with its rivals.

Take the case of the Lancashire cotton trade, which has been and is one of the most severely hit industries in the country. I have been enquiring into the causes. They are many, but one of the chief is the enormous increase that has taken place in overhead charges.

Strangling handicap

I know of a mill whose rates before the war—namely, in 1913—amounted to £500 a year. On precisely the same mill to-day the rates are £1,500. Every penny of that additional £1,000 has to be added to the cost of the yarn manufactured, and since the yarn has to compete in the world market at world prices it is to that extent handicapped in the struggle.

This illustration could be multiplied a thousandfold. The heavy incidence of rates hangs over industry like a blight. Meanwhile great wealthy residential towns which have no unemployment because they have no manufacturing industries escape most of the burden that falls on the towns that live by trade. The town that suffers is punished for its suffering; the town that does not suffer is rewarded for its good fortune.

The mischief is intensified by the grotesque method of levying the rates. We do not raise them on the land whose value has been increased by the labour of the community. We raise them on buildings which have "improved" those land values.

The fortunate owner of land sees someone else make it valuable for him, and then the public authority comes down on the tradesman who has risked his money and compels him to pay the rates. It punishes him for making some one else's land valuable and for putting, by his enterprise, a fortune into someone else's pocket.

I do not think Bedlam could perpetrate a more fantastic inversion of common-sense and justice than this.

Easing the burden

I do not, however, wish to discuss the rating of land values at this moment. My purpose here is to insist that many of the local charges should cease to be local charges, and instead of falling on the rates, should fall on the taxes. Then the rich residential towns would pay their share of the burdens that fall on industry. The unemployed of Sunderland or Oldham are the concern of the nation, not alone of Sunderland or Oldham.

It is becoming obvious that a drastic reform in this direction is long overdue and must be carried into effect if the depressed industries are to be given a chance of reviving.

But if this is done, as it must be done, something else follows. At present, rates locally raised are administered by a body locally elected. The assumption is that if the ratepayers have to provide the money they will take care that it is not wasted. This has been a fairly safe assumption in the past. It is no longer a safe assumption. There has grown up an impudent form of public brigandage, of which West Ham offers the classical, but by no means the only, example.

Professional wastrels

There a group of marauders got themselves elected to power by bribing the electors. "Give us your votes and we will give you relief" was the bargain offered and struck. The chief ratepayers were the great corporations, like the railways, that had no votes, and they were ruthlessly exploited by these professional wastrels.

The rates went up to 24s. in the pound, and the debt to £2,000,000. Then in stepped the Government. The council was superseded, three commissioners were appointed to control the spending and the rates have gone down 1s. 6d. in the pound.

This case, as I say, does not stand alone. There are many instances of the kind up and down the country, and the openly proclaimed object of the Communists is to bankrupt the community in order to achieve a political revolution.

Wherever they get into power they turn the poor into parasites and drive the honest trader either away or into bankruptcy. I know of two businesses, employing many workers in South London, which have just fled to the Midlands to escape the stranglehold of the wreckers.

It would be insane to hand over new grants from the National Exchequer to the rates for these professional wastrels to squander without taking measures to control them.

The more the State shoulders the burden of the local rates the more it must supervise local expenditure. It must put in its own watchdogs, as in the case of West Ham, to keep the profligates away from the till. With this precaution adopted, the present injustice of the rates should be drastically and immediately remedied.

The Basest

Blackmail is the vilest crime existing. There is only one way to deal with it—call the police

BLACKMAIL—a crime which is detestable to all honest folk, and even to criminals of the manlier type—was never more rife than it is to-day. But the extortioner works in secret, and it is safe to say that hardly one man in a thousand thinks of keeping a watchful eye against his approach, let alone of warning his children against the many ways in which he strikes unseen. Yet no one is safe from his cowardly attack.

Commandant Mary S. Allen

Let me illustrate the latest methods adopted by these most despicable of criminals to ensnare their innocent victims.

Not long ago, the son of a certain wealthy stockbroker was asked the time by a well-dressed man by whose side he happened to be standing in a crowd.

The youth was only nineteen years of age, and when this pleasant stranger began to chat about general topics of immediate interest he was flattered rather than suspicious.

Discovering adroitly the recreations and hobbies in which the young man's interests were centred, the newcomer pretended that they were also his favourite diversions.

In this way the acquaintance was soon cemented, and the boy eagerly accepted an invitation to tea at the other's flat. Nor were his suspicions aroused when introduced to a young woman whom his host described as "an old friend."

When tea was almost over, however, the man left the room, explaining as he closed the door that he had forgotten to post an important letter. To the boy's amazement the girl immediately began to tear her shoulder straps and disarrange her attire.

NEXT, she flung her arms round her companion's neck, and rumpling his tie and collar, shrieked for help. When people answered her cries she explained tearfully that the youth had tried to assault her.

Needless to say, the boy's story was poohpoohed by the scoundrel who had trapped him so cleverly, and a large sum of money was demanded from his father.

Fearing that malice at a refusal might induce

An Unparalleled Fraud

by E. ROFFE THOMPSON

IT is not "John Bull" alone which condemns the wholesale robbery practised by industrial assurance companies. It is not even independent witnesses. It is the very agents who, in order to live, are forced to practise unscrupulous methods

ON February 13, 1926, Mr. A. G. Gardiner, having at my request investigated the whole question of industrial assurance, wrote an article on the subject for John Bull. He said:

"I have had put before me recently the facts of a scandal so colossal, so cruel, so far-reaching that I have hesitated to touch it in sheer incredulity. Surely there must be a snag in this business somewhere. . . . But I have been unable to find a snag."

A week later he wrote another article, which began:

"My article of last week has brought me such a mass of further evidence of the iniquities of the industrial assurance system that I make no apology for returning to the subject."

And he added the remark that the millions amassed by the companies "represent the exploitation of the ignorant poor, an exploitation which, alike for magnitude and impudence, has no parallel in the public scandals of the time."

Nearly a year later Mr. Gardiner wrote yet another article. He had had free access to all the evidence in our possession; he had seen the tremendous sums of money that John Bull had recovered for deluded policyholders; he had seen in case after rotten case John Bull remedying flagrant injustice.

"I have this week spent a couple of hours in surveying the harvest of results, and I am left wondering why this organised plunder of the poor is permitted, why the Government and all the political Parties turn a blind eye to so flaming a wrong, and why the Press is silent."

And they say—nothing!

There is the evidence of a great journalist, a man who would not put his name to any statement that he did not believe to be true, a man whom money cannot buy, and whose whole aim and object in everything he writes is to elucidate the truth. And not one word of protest or denial has come from the companies.

Last year the Rev. G. A. Studdert-Kennedy went through the same experience as Mr. Gardiner. He saw with his own eyes the staggering mass of evidence John Bull has accumulated, evidence that damns the companies as fraudulent, tricky, evasive and impudent. He was not asked to write an article; he asked if he might write.

Calculated exploitation

I never in my life saw a man so sick of soul and so angry of heart as "Woodbine Willie" was when he realised what was going on.

He called his article "Rank Barefaced Fraud," and this is what he said:

"I want to say to start with that there is not a word in this article of which I have not weighed the value carefully, including the title. On my honour as a minister of religion I believe and state that the system of industrial assurance as conducted by the big industrial assurance companies is for the most part rank, barefaced robbery of the poor. . . .

"I have been through sheets and sheets of evidence, and have taken expert advice upon it, and am convinced that fraud—continual systematic and deliberate fraud—is being committed every day by methods sometimes just within and sometimes just without the legal borderline, and that large, utterly immoral profits are being made out of this fraud. . . . It is a carefully calculated exploitation of the ignorance and carelessness of uneducated people."

That is what "Woodbine Willie" said, and from the companies has come not one word of protest, not a syllable of refutation.

All this is striking enough, but what can one say in face of the letters that continually come to John Bull from the very agents who are conducting this unholy business; conducting it not because they like it, but because they must; conducting it as they are ordered to do, since if they did not they would lose their jobs.

"As an insurance agent for three years (now resigned, thank goodness)," says one, "I heartily endorse John Bull's articles. When my friend, another agent, applied last week for a free policy

The Rt. Hon. Sir Thomas Inskip, C.B.E., M.P., the new Attorney-General, whose attention we invite to the impudent evasions of the law practised by industrial assurance companies

for a client, the manager asked, 'Who told her she was entitled to one?' When he replied, 'I did,' he got a severe reprimand and was warned not to do it again. A Royal Commission is urgently needed."

Only "John Bull" cares

Another agent says: "Having acted as agent for many years for one of the largest companies (under compulsion) I could a tale unfold. I was able, to my great relief, to shake off the obnoxious yoke some time back, after various discussions with the company, for refusing to sell so-called war bonds and to work some of the tables.

"It has been an amazing thing to me that the Labour Party has not dealt with this wholesale robbery and trickery. No one but John Bull appears to care how the poor are fleeced."

Another agent writes to tell us how, disgusted with the practices of the district manager and appalled at the trickery and lies in which he was expected to indulge, he went in for some very plain speaking. "I was asked to resign," he says, "which I refused to do, intimating that I wished to be 'fired.' I have heard nothing more about it. It is very evident to me that John Bull is on the right track."

Yet another man writes and says:

"I have just completed four years and nine months as an assistant superintendent of one of the largest industrial assurance companies, and can say from practical experience that all you say about this ramp is dead true—and then some. During this last four and three-quarter years my blood has boiled over the despicable and criminal methods adopted by industrial assurance companies' representatives. . . .

"I assert that no man can honestly do big returns in industrial branch business for the simple reason that the policyholder loses every time. Therefore, the canvasser has got to mislead, lie, lapse old policies and write up new, take bad lives, do all this and more. My four and three-quarter years has been a revelation, and I can point to dozens of cases where the public has been robbed.

"Some few weeks ago I struck a case where a policy had been misrepresented and candidly told the policyholder so. She wrote to my chief saying she would pay no more. I got called on to the carpet for 'stirring up mud.' Later when I applied for cash surrender of this lapsed policy—which was the policyholder's due—I was again censored for 'digging up the matter again.' It had lapsed. Let it rest."

The agents know

In face of such overwhelming, such damning and such irrefutable evidence, what possible grounds has the Government for saying, as it frequently does, that there is no need for an enquiry into this staggering mass of rottenness?

When the very agents join in the condemnation of their own companies it is surely time for somebody in authority to move.

...blackguard

by Commandant MARY S. ALLEN,
Chief of the Women's Auxiliary Service

...he extortioner to bring the matter into the courts, ...nd that the publicity would ruin his business, the ...tter disbursed the hush-money after a half-...earted opposition.

Similar cases are common to-day, but the ...ajority of the public do not hear of them simply ...ecause the victims submit without a struggle.

QUITE recently a young clergyman was stripped of a comfortable income, which he devoted almost entirely to the service of the poor, because he feared publicity. Cunningly trapped into a compromising position with a woman, he was horrified when his extortioner displayed a number of photographs which had been snapped secretly.

Fearful of the lying tongue of scandal, the young man agreed reluctantly to pay the sum demanded provided all negatives and prints were surrendered. The transaction was completed, and the victim congratulated himself on being well out of a dangerous position when further demands were made on the strength of prints withheld in the first instance.

Even more flagrant was the case of a wealthy young man staying at a small Midlands hotel with his fiancée and her mother.

One evening, after conversing with this youth in the smoking-room, a middle-aged man, who claimed to be a commercial traveller, but who was actually a professional blackmailer, persuaded a chambermaid with promises of wealth to arrange that the young man should think that his room had been rendered temporarily untenantable by a fall of plaster. Instead, he was asked to occupy another room on the upper floor.

This room was the girl's own bedchamber, and when he entered that night she shrieked, bringing the blackmailer to her assistance.

Threatening to report the matter to the young man's fiancée, this scoundrel suggested that the whole affair could be hushed up for a consideration. For answer his victim knocked him down.

NEXT day, in the hope of extorting money from the women, the blackmailer gave them a false and highly coloured report which he succeeded in making convincing. He was again rebuffed, however, and immediately left the district. But his plot worked irreparable harm, for the girl and her mother gave up their rooms, refusing even to see the young man again.

Timidity and ignorance on the part of his victims are the blackmailer's trump cards. When these fail he is helpless. And the surest way to defeat his attacks is to defy him immediately, reporting the matter to the police.

Internal Pains Ended

How Kruschen ended 20 years' suffering and has kept the pain away for six years since then is told in this interesting letter. Read it now and remember that what the little daily dose will do for him, it will do—just as certainly—for *YOU*.

"*About six years ago my wife suggested a trial of Kruschen Salts—for nearly 20 years before then I had regularly suffered from internal pains at more or less frequent intervals, and various names had been given to my trouble by different doctors. Since using your very valuable production I have not had a single attack of my old trouble, and having made such an extended test, I think it only fair to add my testimony to that of others who have benefited by the regular use of Kruschen.*" *27th Jan., 1928. A.J.W., Birmingham.*

The "little daily dose" of Kruschen, taken regularly, ensures complete and unfailing elimination of waste matter from the human system. Constipation becomes impossible. So does partial constipation, which is an even more dangerous trouble, because it is so easily neglected. You are on the royal road to health and you feel a new man. No more talk about internal pains. No more rheumatism or gout or liver trouble. Your system is so clean and your blood stream so clear that no poisons or germs can ever get a foothold.

Kruschen Salts

Good Health for a Farthing a Day

Think what you get for a single farthing. Not just one salt. Kruschen is a perfect blend of those six natural salts which are vital to your bodily well-being The analysis is on the bottle.

Tasteless in Tea.

Every day you must have these salts, or things go wrong inside you. Every chemist sells Kruschen in 6d., 1/-, and 1/9 bottles. A large bottle contains 96 daily doses, enough to last three whole months.

Sole Manufacturers: E. GRIFFITHS HUGHES, LTD., 68, Deansgate Arcade, Manchester.

THREE WEEKS OF TORTURE

A SCREEN ROUND HORROR

Secrets of the Execution Shed

IT is commonly said that the legal punishment of murder in Great Britain is death. A more inadequate description of the law's supreme penalty it would be hard to find.

Death is the common fate of mankind. When it comes swiftly and suddenly it is not unmerciful. Doctors tell us that to talk of the death "agony" is false and unscientific. The mere cessation of life is, as a rule, painless and easy.

It is not the death of the murderer which constitutes his punishment; it is the long-drawn-out anticipation of death, of death by violence, at a certain hour on a certain day.

For three weeks, much longer in some cases, the doomed wretch is shut up in his cell, there to visualise, waking or sleeping, the tortures of execution, the gallows and the trap-door, the pinioning, the whole ghastly ceremony of being "hanged by the neck till he is dead."

Terrible torture

Not death, but torture, is the real punishment of the murderer under the law of England. How many men go sane to the scaffold?

Occasionally a man's mind collapses so completely beneath the awful strain that he becomes a certifiable lunatic, and has to be removed to Broadmoor Asylum, as in the case of John Rowlands, convicted for his share in the recent Cardiff murder.

There are infinite gradations of sanity and insanity. The man or woman who, after three weeks' solitary brooding on the details of impending death at the hangman's hands, can face the ordeal without first going mad, must have a brain of the firmest fibre, or a mind dull as a brute beast's.

It is a merciful dispensation which hides the actual scene on the morning of an execution from the public eye; merciful, yet mischievous. It is a pity, really, that we do not know what happens, in all its gruesome and revolting details.

The Home Office, however, is determined that we shall not know. As public sentiment grows more humane and enlightened, misgivings in regard to capital punishment more intense and widespread, the screen of official secrecy which surrounds the execution-shed is drawn closer and ever closer.

Hush-up policy

Formerly, Press representatives were allowed to be present. They are now excluded, except on rare occasions. Prison officers are forbidden to give any information whatever regarding a murderer's execution, even to the coroner whose legal duty it is to make sure that death has been inflicted in accordance with law.

Any imaginable horror, any conceivable blunder, any nightmare atrocity could be perpetrated in the name of British justice, and not an inkling of the truth will reach the ears of those whose appointed duty it is to stand sentinel at the gates of death.

Not long ago the Durham coroner, when enquiring into the death of John Thomas Dunn, a Sacristan

The Rt. Hon. Sir William Joynson-Hicks, M.P., Home Secretary, to whom we issue a challenge in this article

miner, who was hanged for the murder of his wife, complained that the Prison Commissioners had refused him "certain information."

On the scanty medical evidence before him, such meagre details as the prison medical officer was allowed by the Home Office to furnish, he could only conclude that "the man had not died by hanging, but by fracture, or, in other words, by breaking the neck. Whether or not it was in accordance with the sentence was another matter."

Ominous questions

Still more recently, following the execution of Bertram Horace Kirby, at Lincoln Jail, for wife-murder, the coroner, Mr. J. A. Langley, made a similar effort to extract the truth from reluctant officialdom.

Mr. Langley, doubtless with good reasons, wanted to know the length of time elapsing between the pinioning of the prisoner and the pulling of the fatal lever, also the time the body was left hanging, and why. A coroner does not ask questions of this kind unless they have a meaning.

The prison governor replied that he was not permitted to give such information. His lips were officially sealed.

At the same time, it was publicly stated, on high medical authority, that when a man was hanged, according to the law of England, his death might be due to any one of four distinct causes—namely, to shock and heart failure, to strangulation, to the dislocation of the spinal column, or to shock and suffocation combining to arrest the action of heart and lungs.

So much for the short, sharp, sudden and merciful despatch of murderers under our humane and civilised laws!

There are people who argue coldbloodedly that it does not matter. What if we do torture murderers? What mercy had they for their victims?

Barbarous view

Perhaps the best answer to this line of reasoning is that, on such principles, we might as well bring back the rack and the thumbscrew, piled faggots, red-hot pincers, and boiling oil.

If, as a people, we are resolved that the murderer deserves to be tortured, that a speedy and humane death is too good for him, that the uncertainties, the secret possibilities of hanging are just and salutary, then let us be open and honest about it.

The truth of the matter is, however, that only a negligible fraction of the public takes this barbarous view.

Even those who favour capital punishment, in extreme cases, are for the most part resolute in their insistence that it shall be inflicted without needless, mental or physical pain.

Then why does the Home Office maintain these barriers of secrecy? Why are murderers executed behind impenetrable walls of official reticence? Why are prison officials not allowed to give the fullest information? What is there to hide?

The coroner who presides at the inquest upon a murderer killed by the hangman is the guardian of the nation's reputation for humanity. Why are the details of judicial hanging withheld from his scrutiny?

These are questions which ought to be pressed upon the Home Secretary, in season and out of season.

On the whole question of capital punishment, there has been a sharp revulsion of feeling in this country in recent years. Its efficacy as a deterrent from murder is gravely questioned, as well it may be in the light of our criminal records since the war.

Tell the whole truth!

The experience of other countries where the death penalty has been abolished lends no support to the belief that the scaffold and the noose are essential safeguards of human life.

But, without prejudice to this larger question, all decent men and women are agreed that the secret torture of criminals is a barbarous relic of the Dark Ages.

We challenge the Home Office to lift the ban of secrecy. Leave open the question of the rights or wrongs of capital punishment. Public opinion will soon settle that question, once the truth, and the whole truth, is known.

"Greatest Coup in Journalism."

Read what Harry Preston has to say about this in "The People" next Sunday.

There is no sauce like my sauce

There is nothing but the finest spices, the most luscious fruit, and the very best English malt vinegar in my Sauce. Mixed and compounded as only *I* know how; that's why it's so good; the most delicious of all thick sauces.

It makes cold meat a real treat. It makes chops and steaks more succulent, more delicious than you've ever tasted. Just try it once—and you'll never set a table without it.

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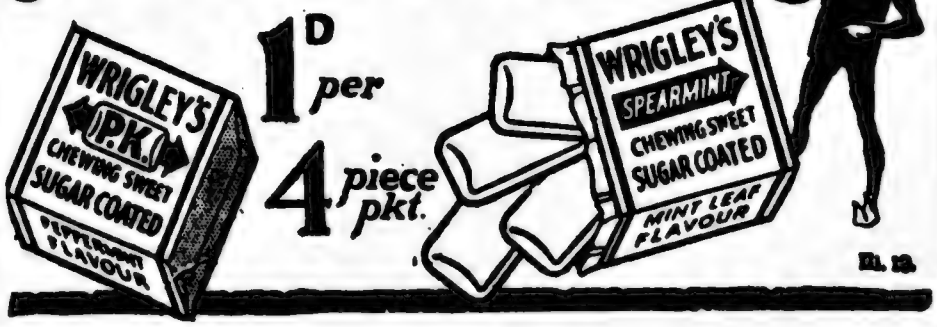
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You can—you should. The first thing is to observe a simple rule of health that any doctor will recommend—

Clear the bowel at least twice a day. If you regularly allow waste matter to stagnate there for 24 hours, you are poisoning yourself—slowly but none the less surely.

You'll need help at first to get the healthy twice-a-day habit. So for a few days chew a Feen-a-mint tablet before going to bed. Feen-a-mint acts gently but firmly and has no unpleasant after effects.

Get a 1/3d box from your chemist.

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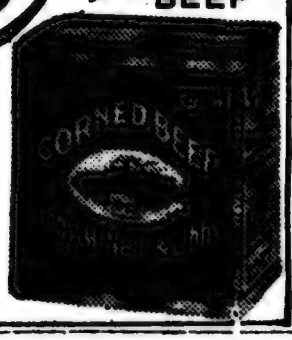

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BOUNDERS IN BOILED SHIRTS

by **ESME WINGFIELD-STRATFORD, D.Sc., M.A.**

WHY should a hooligan, just because he is a "gentleman," be treated to a fine, when a hooligan who is only a "workman" would go to prison for the same offence?

WHEN is a hooligan not a hooligan? When he is a gentleman. And when is a hooligan a gentleman? When he happens to be receiving education either at a hospital or a University.

These conundrums must have been asked pretty frequently in recent years, and the answers have been supplied by such presumably competent authorities as the magistrates whose courts the gentlemen in question have from time to time honoured with their presence.

For how, otherwise, can we interpret the practical immunity from the ordinary law of the land that is at present enjoyed by any drunken hobbledehoy who chooses to practise ruffianism under the guise of ragging?

Ruffianism is the only word for it when a theatre is turned into a bear-garden, when distinguished artistes are subjected to gross insult and even the risk of injury, when inoffensive people are deprived of the evening's enjoyment for which they have paid, and when the management is mulcted in sums that may easily run into hundreds of pounds.

Tickling his fancy

It is not as if this were the first outrage of this kind, or as if it were likely to be the last. If there could by any defence of what is euphemistically known as ragging, it would be on the ground of its spontaneity.

Nobody wants to be too hard on a mere youthful outburst of high spirits. But this sort of thing is becoming a habit and is fast coming to be regarded in the light of a privilege.

For, make no mistake about it, it is going on for just as long as it is allowed to go unpunished. There is no person less susceptible than the undesirable type of student to the voice of public opinion.

That his doings attract attention in the Press only increases his sense of his own importance. He rather likes to be thought a very terrible fellow by what he is pleased to regard as a lot of outsiders. As for the sheep-like bleatings of his own Vice-Chancellor, he merely remarks that the dear old boy is getting a bit grandmotherly in his dotage.

Provoking class hatred

He comes up to town on the night of the Rugger match or the Boat Race. He is outside the jurisdiction of his University.

The one thing that exists to restrain him from painting the town pink is the common law of the land, and he knows that the worst that the law will do is to provide him with the thrill of being bailed out of a police court at night and fined next morning considerably less than what he has spent on his evening's entertainment.

This tenderness for moneyed roughs, as contrasted with the utter lack of sympathy for people whose chief crime is their poverty, is calculated to produce the most venomous kind of class hatred.

The Bolshevik agitator desires nothing better than to be able to prove that there is one law for the rich and one for the poor. The so-called ragging, unchecked and unpunished, provides ideal ammunition for his unceasing propaganda campaign.

It is the greatest fallacy that the average University man, who is a

Dr. E. Wingfield-Stratford

quiet, decent fellow, has any sort of sympathy with the few black sheep who bring the name of undergraduate or student into such disrepute.

Work is the cure

If one or two of these worthies were to be laid by the heels, nobody would be more delighted than the type of man who takes the business of University education seriously, and contrives to have an excellent time without ceasing to be a civilised member of society.

The problem of the undergraduate hooligan is no new one. He has been always with us at the Universities, though in mercifully small numbers.

He could quite easily be got rid of, if the authorities were in earnest about it, by the simple expedient of making him work, for this type of youth who comes up for the sole purpose of spending money or living on tick is as workshy as the traditional Weary Willie.

In colleges like King's, Cambridge, where every man is expected to qualify for an honours degree, the hooligan is an unknown species.

But it would be the height of unfairness to deduce from certain recent occurrences that upper-class hooliganism is exclusively an undergraduate or student complaint.

There has, particularly since the war, been a tendency on the part of a small number of rich people to advertise themselves as being free from the restrictions that bind ordinary mortals, to show their contempt alike for the law and other people's feelings in the most ostentatious manner possible.

A little time ago we heard a lot of the doings of a gang who were supposed to masquerade under the name of Bright Young People, and whose idea of enjoyment was to dash about at a murderous pace in motor-cars on various idiotic errands and to play practical jokes whose stupidity was only exceeded by their almost incredible caddishness.

Powerless law

To summon a fire brigade on a false alarm or to break into and wreck a lady's rooms were alleged exploits of which no bright young thing apparently saw any reason to be ashamed or was given reason, by horsewhip or otherwise, to regret.

Now it is nothing very new or very disturbing that there should be a few moneyed bounders advertising themselves, after their kind, by bounding.

What is really serious is that people of this kind should enjoy a practically free ticket to make themselves public nuisances, and that the law, that protects us against other wrongdoers, should be powerless to put the least effective check on their proceedings.

Nay more, that magistrates, whose business it is to hold the scales of justice even between Paradise Court and Park Lane, should act as if it were an established convention that nobody above a certain standard of income should ever be punished in a way that would really inconvenience him, short of his actually killing someone, and perhaps not even then.

There would be a wonderful slump in ragging if it were to be known that the next case of aggravated hooliganism would be visited by a sentence of a few days' honest work, under a warder's supervision, without the option of a fine, which would probably come out of the pocket of "the guv'nor."

The way of the Navy

Let the remedy be applied once, and there will be no more need for agitated letters to the Press, no more emptied theatres, no more bombarded actresses. The "rag" will be as dead, from that time forth, as the dodo.

"But," the sentimentalist will exclaim, "that would be an impossible thing to do. You might as well suggest, while you are about it, the administration of half a dozen with a birch to a bright young person, to wind up one of his jokes."

And yet it was this very treatment, only administered with a cane instead of a birch, that is reputed to have cured some bright young people, in pre-war days, who played a joke of this kind on the Navy.

But then the Navy has very little sense of this kind of fun, or tolerance of brightness and youth that oversteps the limits of gentlemanly behaviour.

"It's same as I say Mum"

"If you can show me a thing that does the work better, I'm all for it."

Yes Mum. I was taught laundry work when I was a girl and I've known, you may say, all my life how to keep my white things pure white by rinsing them in Reckitt's blue. But I'm not like some people that you can't teach anything, and it's not so long ago since I learned about Robin Starch. It's a funny thing Mum but if you use Robin Starch you begin where we used to leave off. Everything I could tell you to do for easy work and good work is done for you by Robin Starch.

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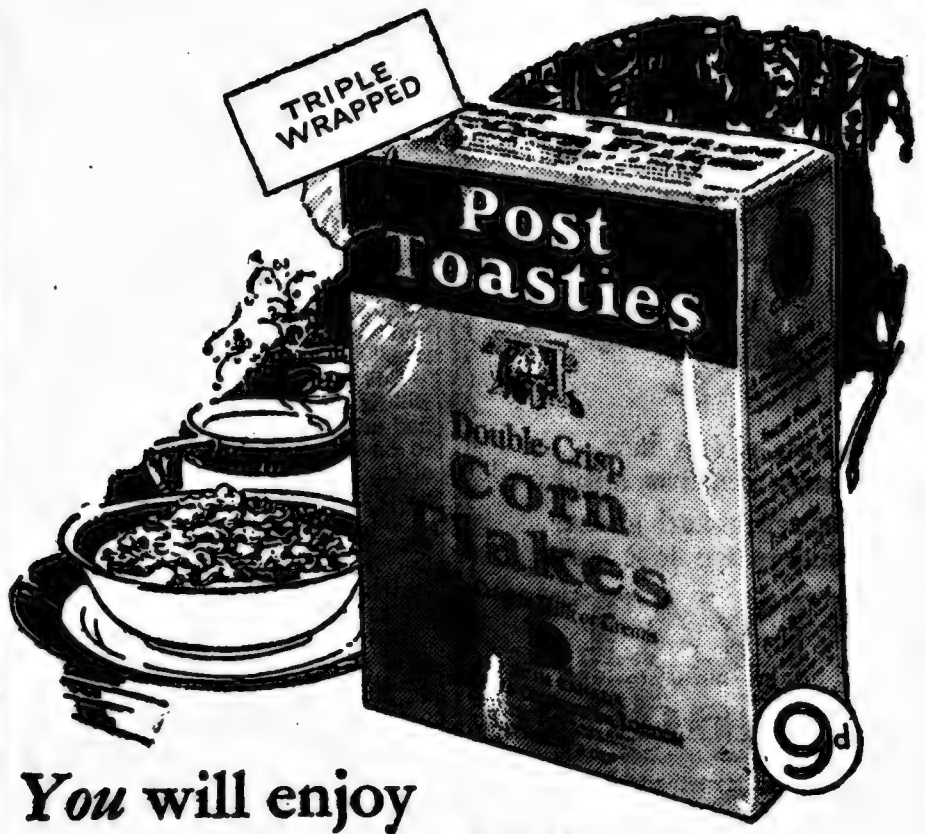

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In Sunshine Ward

by **PHILIP INMAN**

NO matter how poor and humble an individual may be, there is always the knowledge that somebody cares for him. And by that knowledge pain and sorrow are eased, and the sunshine penetrates even the deepest gloom

THE JOKER WINS

BILL TOPLEY, to use his own words, had had "an argument with a swell's motor-car," and he had got the worst of it. "When you go out again," commented the doctor jocularly, "you had better hit something your own size."

But it was by no means certain that Bill would ever go out again—alive. He had an arm crushed to pulp which had to be amputated at the shoulder; one of his legs was broken and he had some nasty cuts about the head.

Yet, seriously ill though he was, his first thought was to exonerate the driver of the car. "It wasn't his fault," he muttered. "You see, I'm a bit deaf and my sight's none too good."

But, in spite of all his troubles, Bill, after a few days, started to improve. That is one of the strange ironies of Fate.

This man had no relations and only one friend. Had there been loved ones to mourn for him it is likely that he would have been killed outright, or at any rate would have succumbed to his serious injuries. But he went on living, to the joy and thankfulness of that one friend.

Pa's Indeed

One day when I went through the ward, the visitors had just arrived and I saw Bill's friend sitting by his bedside. "I shan't be able to come to see him again for a week," he told me. "I've got a job and I start to-morrow."

"And so he's brought me my rations," commented Bill, with a twinkle in his eye. "And what may they be?" I enquired. He showed me a packet of mints and seven cigarettes, which Bill's friend explained he had made out of "fag ends." "I'm going to give these to the nurse," he added with a wink, "so as he can have one every day and make them last until I come again."

For a few minutes I talked with these two men. Both out-of-work miners, they had tramped from the Midlands. On the way down Bill's friend was taken bad. "He looked after me like a mother," he said, glancing with admiration at the patient.

"And so I ought," commented Bill, "after what you did for me when my missus died." And it was easy to see that between these two men, schooled in sorrow and hardship, had sprung up a tender and lasting relationship.

Thought for others

The next day I found Bill Topley in disgrace. The nurse was scolding him. "What's the trouble?" I enquired. And Bill murmured plaintively, "I didn't mean no harm." And the nurse, trying hard not to smile, explained that she had caught her patient playing noughts and crosses on his temperature chart.

Then the humour of the situation dawned on me and I laughed aloud. And the nurse laughed; and Bill laughed; and the laugh echoed right through the ward. And that simple incident made twenty men forget for a minute their pain and their discomfort.

Visiting day had come round again, and when Bill's friend approached the bed, he cried aloud, "My God, what's happened?" And well he might ask. No 11 bed, on which Bill reclined, was like a fruit and floral establishment.

"I've had a swell to see me," exclaimed Bill excitedly—and then in an undertone he was heard to say, "Take some to Father Christmas in that bed opposite. Nobody ever brings him anything."

The explanation of that welcome gift was that a short time before a gentleman had called at the hospital. He introduced himself as the owner of the "swell's motor-car." "We were on our way to

Philip Inman

Victoria Station, leaving for abroad, when the accident happened, and we've only just returned," he explained.

He asked if he might be taken to see the patient, and it was well for Bill that he did so, for not long after his beautiful gift arrived. But that was not all. He has offered to send the patient away to a convalescent home and when he comes back to find him some light occupation.

"The King of Afghanistan's done me one good turn," commented Bill. "How is that? I asked in amazement. "Well, you see," he went on, "I was running across the road to see his procession when I collided with that motor-car."

The Sentence of the Court

LIMPETS AND LETHARGY!

Our William's Bill

WEARING the uniform of a Royal Archer and the worried look of an arch-muddler, Sir William Mitchell-Thomson, Postmaster-General, showed signs of bursting into tears when charged with misappropriation of money. Sal-volatile having been applied, he pleaded "Not guilty."

"Since the publication of the Lever Report," said Mr. Watchdog, K.C., "the accused has been behaving like a sorely-wronged man, and has referred with infinite pathos to 'the abuse showered upon my head.'

"It seems to me, however, that sympathy should be bestowed on taxpayers rather than on the head of a Department which takes such a large size in deficits and offers such a small helping of efficient service.

"The history of the telegraph department in recent years is a tale of growing losses and diminishing utility. A deficit of £1,423,000 in 1922-23 had increased by last year to £1,600,000.

"As the Lever Report points out, slackness has crept into the Service, because its employees are without two powerful incentives which operate in ordinary businesses—hope of reward for good work and fear of the sack for bad.

"The number of supervisors in the Department is absurdly disproportionate to the number of those actually engaged in sending and receiving telegrams. Everything, in fact, appears to be supervised except finance.

"The Department seems to regard the handling of telegrams as such a bore that the public has got out of the habit of sending them. The result is that every year a larger amount of the taxpayer's money is misappropriated to make good losses on what should be profitable business."

* * *

Mr. Strawsplitter said that when a gentleman whose love of a tranquil old-world life was indicated by his hobby of archery came forward to serve his country in a Ministerial position, it was grossly unfair that he should be subjected to criticism such as had been levelled at his client. As Sir William had pointed out, the telegraph service "is only a small corner of the Post Office vineyard," but critics talked as if the entire Department was muddled and mismanaged.

* * *

"What the prisoner calls 'a small corner of the vineyard,'" said Mr. Justice Bull, "is the only portion upon which an expert committee has reported, and when we learn of waste and inefficiency in one part we do not entertain high hopes of the quality of the grapes elsewhere.

"Muddle in one section affects others. The loss on telegrams, for example, is a direct obstacle to a restored penny post.

"The lethargy of limpets whose jobs are safe is at the root of the whole trouble. A private business has to pay or it is shut down. But the bureaucrat does not pay for his blunders. Something is clapped on to the income-tax and the public pays.

"I do not doubt the amiable character and good intention of this 'wireless' operator, but I must remind him that he was not forced to enter the Cabinet as an ordinary citizen is forced to enter the jury-box.

"When I view the results of his sacrifice of his cherished tranquillity, I feel bound to say that he might have served his country better if he had continued his harmless bow-and-arrowing, instead of 'arrowing the feelings of taxpayers with a series of appalling deficits.

"I direct that an urgent telegram be sent to Sir William inviting him to set out on a world tour as an expert archer. As it may be six months before the telegram is delivered, he has this period in which to set the Post Office in order if he prefers to remain where he is."

No Easter This Year!

is complete without the Easter Number of "The Passing Show" —a modest twopence as usual!

Words Winged to Women

FOR YOUNG GIRLS ONLY!

by MABEL HORNER

"NEVERTHELESS if thou warn the righteous . . . he shall surely live, because he is warned; also thou hast delivered thy soul."—EZEKIEL iii. 21.

I DO not like what I am about to write to-day. I write because I feel I must. For, young women, listen! I address myself exclusively to you. You are young, eager, full of vitality and enthusiasm, and the air is full of congratulations, offered because you have reaped the result of the long, weary struggle which older women have waged for political equality.

The new Franchise Bill removes the last vestige of sex disability. At the next General Election women can sway the polls. How is this terrific political power to be used? On all hands, I hear that the younger women are keen, making their plans.

But what are those plans? Are women intending merely to fall into their several political Parties, to vote blindly for Party programmes, and to leave the balance of power for world events pretty much as at present?

Or will women look the whole world in the face, and as women with the future of the race in their hands, demand a big thing? *Will women decide to end war?*

Unless that is done, nothing else matters. War mocks at beauty. It ends social betterment. Human achievement is silly if periodic war crumples it like waste-paper. With the machinery available, however, the next war will do more. It will end civilisation.

Lifting the veil

The choice rests with the women of the world and especially the younger women. I think of it every day when I see you in your fresh young beauty, and I wonder if you know?

Why are so many of you numbered among "superfluous" women? Why are there never "enough men to go round"? Why are the scales heavily weighted against your chances of finding a mate and a home of your own? It is because of war.

And you laugh, and flock in your thousands whenever there is a grand military display, and applaud the colours and the music and the splendour of marching men, because you do not know what lies behind, nor in the future, if those splendid boys must go again to war.

The Rt. Hon. Stanley Baldwin, M.P., Prime Minister, pledged to equal franchise for men and women

Why should you know? The girl of twenty - one was a little girl of eleven when the last war ended. She was a baby of seven when it began! And in mercy and pity, her elders have shielded her from the horrors that were everywhere then raining down. Young eyes have been veiled.

I shall lift that veil. I shall open that secret chamber in my heart and for the first time tell of the most dreadful thing I saw during the war.

It was in a spotless ward of a V.A.D. hospital, with daffodils everywhere, where I had been writing letters for men who would never again hold a pen—some had no hands—that I saw the beautiful boy. His fair hair was damp, and his eyes unnaturally bright. Beads of perspiration lay on his forehead, and still his bed was underneath a window where the sun flooded it with concentrated heat.

I wondered that his bed had been placed in such a glaring position, and then I saw. Where his right leg should have been there was propped a pitiful shank, with a long, protruding bone.

He explained, in panting words: "It was an amputation. They tried to save too much and the flesh gangrened. . . . There will have to be another, perhaps several, when the bone has dried enough. . . . That's why it is kept in the sun." I said nothing. What was there to say?

I have walked through wards with shrieking, demented men, driven mad with perpetual shell fire; I have talked with men fresh from battlefields, but none struck me with the same sharp pang as that handsome boy lying in the golden springtime, looking at the remains of his own limb.

Use your power!

The war was at its worst. There was not a house that had no dead. Food was short. Suffering was so common that the souls of women were numb. Liberty did not exist. The voice lifted against the war laid its user open to arrest.

And still the loaded trains came in ceaselessly from the front, and the station platforms were lined with ghastly remnants of men. And always, so the ambulance men assured me, moaning the one word, "Mother! Mother!"

As I stood weeping, an elderly spinster whom I did not know grasped my hand and murmured, "We must be brave."

Brave? Yes! But with a fierce moral courage to tell the truth that war is altogether bestial and unnecessary.

Brave? Yes! With a deep spiritual resolve that this horrible, satanic method of settling differences must cease.

Young women, the power is given into your hands. Use it.

BANG WENT SAXPENCE!

Canny Scots Folk Ken a Bargain

IT is regrettable that at the recent annual meeting of the Aberdeen Nursing Association the financial position was described as "deplorable." Eleven nurses are employed in the city. Local subscriptions collected are barely sufficient to pay the expenses of one.

This is bad, indeed, but we attribute it to some slackness in the method of making known the work of the association and its needs, not to lack of generosity in Aberdeen folk. We know their hearts are large enough to correct this adverse balance, now that they know of it.

We laugh, but we do not believe the endless stream of anecdotes about Aberdeen and its super-canny care of bawbees. They advertise the city and it is more than probable that most of them are invented, with a chuckle, by Aberdonians.

Confidence justified

But there is no denying that Aberdeen knows a good thing when it sees it. That is why Aberdeen, in common with other cities in the north, swears by its weekly copy of JOHN BULL.

Bang goes the weekly twopence with the utmost willingness. Readers know that for this modest sum a whole weekful of sound, impartial and thought-provoking reading matter is secured.

But the north is awakening to the fact that when the purchaser takes the precaution to become a *registered* reader an even greater benefit is secured.

Mrs. J. White, of 45, Ashvale Road, Aberdeen, is a registered reader. She had reason to be grateful for the fact when fire broke out at her home, for she knew that the simple action of signing the form and placing a regular order had brought her within the scope of the JOHN BULL Free Insurance Scheme. She received her cheque for the loss of clothes caused by the fire.

She says: "I am very grateful indeed for the cheque received. I had every confidence that I should be fairly dealt with, and I am glad to know my faith was not misplaced. But I would like to thank your representative for the kindly way in which he helped us."

It was only a few days ago that another Scottish reader, Mr. W. C. McKay, of Little Powgavie, Inchture, Perthshire, had occasion to send in a claim for benefit as a registered reader. He, too, seemed surprised at the kindly promptitude that JOHN BULL makes it a rule to display.

Now is the time!

A recent letter from him is worth quoting. "I can never thank you enough for the prompt way in which you settled my claim. The cheque arrived on Saturday, and was the best gift I ever received in my life. Everybody hereabouts was surprised, particularly by the quickness with which the whole matter was concluded.

"I can assure you it has gained a few more readers here for JOHN BULL. No; I cannot thank you enough, but all the same please accept my *simple thanks*."

Letters such as these pour daily into the offices of JOHN BULL.

On a recent morning over 200 applications were settled, none of them for very outstanding disasters, but for the little accidents of daily life that are always happening.

At any moment such an accident may occur to you, so why not take the precaution of registering—now?

Banking on "Bullets"!

Would you like to pay £650 into your bank account? Cash is on "Bullets" big Easter offer on page 38!

20/- DOWN SECURES IMMEDIATE DELIVERY

OF ONE OF THESE BEAUTIFUL

BRITISH PIANOS

EXCEPTIONAL OFFER!

HERE is your opportunity to secure the best piano money can buy for your home, and no home is really complete without a Piano—particularly where there are children. With reasonable care this Abbey Piano will keep its pure tone, perfect action and beautiful appearance long beyond the time when your children have become practised musicians, and their children have commenced music lessons too. You can get your Abbey Piano **now**, delivered carriage free to your home for **20/-**, balance payable in small monthly payments, arranged to suit your circumstances.

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Come and hear the full mellow tone of an "Abbey"—a revelation even to experienced pianists who associate piano perfection with models costing twice as much as the "Abbey." If you cannot call, send for beautifully illustrated free catalogue which describes the exclusive range of "Abbey" Gold Medal Pianos, and gives full details of our deferred terms.

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We will post by return a 3lb. BYWATERS' Pork Pie in Perfection. Appetising and nourishing, delicious to the last crumb. Bywaters' Pies are ALL food. There is no waste whatever. Write while you think of it to Dept. Z,

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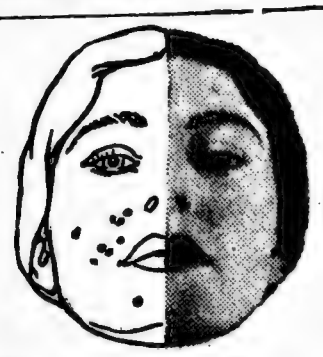

Spots!

Gone in 14 days.

Why experiment with so-called remedies when you can be certain of removing every single spot with Wex? Don't take our word for it—read what this user says:

"I am delighted with the results after trying Wex-I have tried many things, but without success. My face was covered in spots, but after taking Wex every morning for a fortnight I was surprised to see how clear my skin was. I am still going to keep on taking Wex, and I have also recommended it to all my friends."

16th February, 1928. *C. B.*

Why Wex removes spots.

The secret of the efficacy of Wex is in its natural action. Wex thins the bile, making it flow freely, and thus keeps the liver in healthy condition. The liver is one of the most important organs in the body. Unless it removes all waste products the entire system is affected and spots appear on the face as a warning sign. Start with Wex to-morrow, and in 14 days your complexion will be clear once more, and you will feel a different being. A teaspoonful of Wex in half a glass of cold water gives a delicious sparkling drink which sends new life to every part of the body. Wex is sold by all chemists, including all branches of Boots, Taylor's Drug Co., Timothy White & Co., at 1s. 6d. per bottle (2s. 6d. double quantity), and is made by E. Griffiths Hughes, Ltd. (Established 1756), 76, Deansgate Arcade, Manchester.

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Colgate's Shaving Stick will give you 200 or more of the best shaves you ever had in your life. Get one to-day and see for yourself. It costs 10d.

Shaving Stick & Refill - 10d.
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COLGATE'S SHAVING STICK

Softens every single hair

Human Documents

The Vanished Bridegroom

A Son's Choice—Secret to Disclose—Old Maids' Puzzle

PROBLEMS that may be yours are dealt with by "Humanist." The names and addresses of all correspondents are suppressed so that the writers may not be identified. Letters that are too intimate or are not sufficiently general to be helpful to others are answered by post. All correspondents must send stamped, addressed envelopes. Ten shillings is being sent to each of the writers of the first four letters printed.

"IT is nearly two years since I started the courtship that has ended so tragically. We loved not wisely but too well, and as soon as I became aware of my condition, my fiancé made arrangements for us to be married without delay.

"On the morning fixed for the wedding, I went to the church accompanied only by a friend, for I had no near living relatives. My fiancé was late in arriving, but I spent the time indulging my fancy with all the joys that I believed would henceforth fill my life.

"As time went on and still no bridegroom appeared, I began to get very anxious, and at the end of an hour I left the church and went to his lodgings. There I learnt from his landlady that he had gone out the previous morning and had not returned.

"I was distracted with anxiety, and the thought entered my head that I, like many more, had been abandoned to my shame. I felt I could not face the sneers of my work-mates, and as I had saved a little money I packed up my belongings and went right away.

"AFTER my baby was born, I found employment, and though my life seemed to be darkened by a terrible shadow, I found comfort in my little one.

"One Sunday I was surprised to run across the friend who had accompanied me to the church on the morning I was to have been married.

"Can you imagine how I felt when she told me that on the day he vanished my lover, who was a lorry-driver, had had a terrible accident miles away from home, and had sustained severe concussion? The effect of the accident had been so serious that he was still in the infirmary.

"You may be sure that I went to him post-haste, but, oh! what a blow awaited me. I passed through the ward looking left and right for my loved one, and the nurse pointed to a figure sitting huddled in a chair before the fire.

"I flung my arms about him, and sobbed out my mingled grief and happiness, but there was no response, only an expression of blank bewilderment in those dear eyes. At the end of an hour I was asked to leave, as I was upsetting the poor patient.

"That is my story. What help can you offer in such a tragedy?"

"HUMANIST" says: *Alas! I cannot minister to a mind diseased. I can only express the hope that your lover's loss of memory may not prove permanent and that the doctors may be able to restore him, so that your dreams of happiness may yet come true.*

* * *

"CAN you give my mother any advice regarding a child that she has brought up and loved as her own from babyhood?

Fatherly Love

"It is the unwanted child of my sister, who left it on my mother's hands when it was only a few months old, and went away into domestic service, caring little what happened to her offspring.

"It is the attitude of the father that appears to me to be so disgraceful.

"He was ordered to contribute 2s. a week until the child reached the age of sixteen, but a couple of years ago he married my sister, and then declared he would no longer pay my mother anything, as the boy was fourteen and could leave school and work to support himself.

"The lad is now nearly sixteen, and earning quite good wages, which he hands to my mother every week, keeping only a shilling or two for himself.

"His father has for some time been pestering him to leave his grandmother, and the thought that he may be compelled to do so is really breaking her heart.

"The boy seems to have a very shrewd notion of the nature of this sudden access of fatherly love, for he says he will not leave the grandmother to whom he owes everything and go to people who, though they are his parents, are almost as strangers to him.

"It would be a great relief to my mother if you could assure her that the lad on whom she has lavished her love for so many years cannot be taken from her."

"HUMANIST" says: *Your mother may set her mind at rest, for the matter is one which the boy can settle for himself. At his age, he has a perfect right to choose where he will live, and in such circumstances I think he is quite justified in remaining with his grandmother.*

* * *

"I WAS formerly employed as an attendant at a lunatic asylum, but, having contracted lung trouble, I was compelled to resign and obtain outdoor work.

Mad Courtship

"I got a post with a firm of contractors, and one day I found myself working beside a man who had been a patient where I was formerly employed.

"At that time he was classed as a refractory patient, and I never thought I should see him in his right senses.

"Nevertheless, he recognised me, and asked me not to mention to anyone the fact that he had at one time been insane, as he feared he might lose his work if it were known.

"I readily promised to say nothing. When the job was finished, I lost sight of him.

"Now this man has crossed my path again, and appears as the prospective husband of my niece. I asked him whether she or her parents were aware that his mind had at one time been deranged.

"He told me they were not, and said he hoped that I would remember my promise.

"I feel very anxious about the matter, for, although he is apparently perfectly sane now, who can tell that he will always remain so?"

"HUMANIST" says: *It is one thing to say nothing about the man's madness to his employers, but it is quite another matter when his marriage into your family is in question. You should certainly inform the girl or her parents so that they may seek advice from the doctors who have dealt with the case.*

DO a good turn, turning sadness into gladness, by turning to the help of "The Greatest of These—" Fund. (Turn to page 38.)

GREAT PEN OFFER. (See page 2.)

"SOME years ago I became very friendly with a woman rather older than myself, and as we neither of us had either the inclination or opportunity to marry, we formed ourselves into a sort of hen-partnership, and set up housekeeping.

Dominant Partner

"After a while, I discovered that, although my friend was lovable in many ways, she appeared to resent my having any interests in life which were not according to her taste. Thus disagreement arose over such simple things as my taking up open-air sports.

"I tried to induce her to share the pleasure I derived from such recreation, but eventually I had to abandon all these things because she was jealous of the acquaintances I made thereby.

"Eventually we bought a small parcel of land, and built a house. One of the happiest periods of my life was when my partner and I were designing the decorations together.

"Unfortunately, the Adamless Paradise we had planned is beginning to be pervaded by the atmosphere of a penal colony through the jealousy of my partner and her unwillingness to entertain any other girl friend in our home.

"The unpleasantness has reached such a pitch that I fear the partnership must be dissolved. My partner, however, insists that I should buy her out, and I cannot at present afford to do so.

"We are, therefore, apparently in a hopeless deadlock. Can you suggest a way out for two puzzled old maids?"

"HUMANIST" says: *Such a partnership can only be made happy by mutual accommodation of each other's idiosyncrasies. It does not appear to me reasonable for your partner to demand a monopoly of your friendship and if she is not amenable to reason I think she should be prepared to buy out your share. Ask her to do so.*

* * *

Child's Maintenance

"I have recently married, and I find it difficult on my wages to support my wife and at the same time keep up my payments under an affiliation order. Can I get the amount reduced?"

"Humanist" says: *Why, in all conscience, should you expect to be released from such an obligation? Having neglected the formality of marriage when you brought the child into the world you should have been prepared to forgo the joys of matrimony if you could not afford them.*

Forbidding the Banns

"I have an adopted sister born out of wedlock. She is just twenty and her father threatens to forbid the banns of her marriage. Her mother who gave her into our care being dead, can he do so?"

"Humanist" says: *No. The only person whose consent is required to the marriage of an illegitimate minor whose mother is dead is the guardian appointed by the mother.*

The Golden Rule

"After I have been on the 'dole' for months a friend has offered me a job, but I find that to make room for me he is discharging a man with a wife and five children. I am single. Do you think I should take the job?"

"Humanist" says: *Not unless there are other reasons for discharging the man whom you would replace. Remember the golden rule.*

The terrors of Sleepless Nights

THE slightest noise—a creaking stair—and your heart beats so violently that you wonder the whole household does not hear it.

Could anything more effectively rob you of health and happiness than the horrors of insomnia? Your nerves are frayed and exhausted—*starved* for lack of nerve-restoring nourishment. Avoid drugs. Natural sleep comes only from *feeding* the nerves.

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and
THE GONDOLIER (*Merson*) **Billy Merson** with Orchestra.

1003 — WHEN YOU COME TO REST IN THE HEART OF A ROSE (*Tom Burke*) **Pat Nolan** with Orchestra,
and
CALLING ME HOME—Lady Mary (*Chappell*) **Metropole Havana Band** with Vocal Refrain.

1004 — RAIN with Vocal Chorus (*Eugene Ford*) **Kit Kat Band** with the Three New Yorkers,
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Our Letter Parliament

Prison for Profiteers

Alter the Land Laws!—The Lease Scandal—Road Dangers

MR. E. ROFFE THOMPSON'S article (JOHN BULL, March 24) will do more good than ever the Food Council has done. There is no contingency profiteers fear so much as publicity, and when that emanates from such an organ as JOHN BULL their fears are increased tenfold. Your contributor in advocating a term of imprisonment for profiteers will have the hearty support of your millions of readers.—*H. C., Warminster.*

Chance for Electors

The Food Council has failed hopelessly, and other means must, therefore, be found to protect the public. I suggest that at the next General Election the electors obtain a definite pledge from every candidate that his first duty shall be to see that Parliament passes a Bill to deal drastically with this intolerable scandal.—*T. R., London.*

The Weary Round

Sir George Newman spoke recently of the workers' food as being "a weary round of herring, bacon and cheese," and pleaded for education in rational feeding. This is hardly the remedy. Most workers know what is good for them, but their dull food is a matter of necessity, not choice. The solution would be to force our legislators to punish all profiteers as criminals.—*A. A., Catford.*

Luxurious Liver

In Bedford, where I am playing this week, the local butchers are asking 2s. 3d. per pound for calves' liver! What was once considered a poor man's meal has now become a rich man's luxury. Added to this the butcher deems old newspaper (with a thin sheet of alleged greaseproof interposed) a sufficiently good wrapping. In Scotland one pays equally dear for necessities, but the shopkeeper adds a decent wrapping and a little courtesy.—*G. Gordon Grahame, Erdington.*

Forced to Action

Mr. E. Roffe Thompson's welcome offensive against profiteering is powerful and pungent, and every reader hopes that he will continue until the Government is compelled to take definite action. Its customary method in these matters is to placate public opinion by setting up a Council of Enquiry, which drags along until public apathy allows of its withdrawal, and we should be thankful to JOHN BULL for exposing so disgraceful an example of wicked profiteering as in its issue of March 24.—*C. A., Lancs.*

Abettors

Socialism or nationalisation may or may not be the remedy for the evils described by Mr. E. Roffe Thompson, but a Government which stands by and allows such a scandalous state of affairs to exist must surely be looked upon as aiders and abettors of the profiteers. One wonders what some "patriotism" is worth!—*L. M. S., Abingdon.*

Boycott Them!

Neither newspaper articles nor food councils will prevent profiteering. The remedy lies in the hands of the housewives themselves. Let them form food committees locally, meet regularly, compare prices, and boycott tradesmen who charge unreasonably.—*M. B. F., Sunderland.*

Wicked Profit

It is time the Government invested the Food Council with some real power, and insisted on it doing its work. Every trader deserves a fair profit on what he sells, but to sell fruit at three and three-quarter times the price paid for it may without exaggeration be called "profiteering."—*E. H. G., London.*

Brief-to-the-point letters not exceeding 100 words are invited. 5s. is paid for each letter published. Name and address essential, not necessarily for publication. Envelopes must be marked "Letter Parliament."

Publish Their Names

The Food Council should be abolished, and its duties taken over by local bodies who could investigate complaints and publish the names of those who charge excessively. Employers, too, can do much by buying foodstuffs in bulk and selling it to workpeople at cost price. In several northern colliery villages the latter plan is working with much success.—*T. M., Castletown.*

Co-operate!

The fruit-grower who received 69s. for 3,150 lb. of apples was rather lucky. Instead of having a cheque to cash he might quite easily have had a bill to pay. The remedy is simple—Co-operation. Let the farmers and small holders combine, open shops in the busy centres and instal qualified and reliable managers. They would thus be able to supply the public at reasonable prices and reap a good profit.—*W. P., Portsmouth.*

The Root Evil

Mr. Philip Snowden's exposure of the vile traffic in land (JOHN BULL, March 24) was timely, and emphasises what JOHN BULL has said for years. Justice demands that these antediluvian laws made by a class for a class should be scrapped or amended, so that the people should share in increased values accruing from communal activity. At the root of nearly all our economic difficulties lies the question of our land. Let us alter the laws which govern it before they absolutely strangle industry.—*R. G., Wigan.*

Lease Bleeding

A large City firm whose lease recently expired has had to pay more than twice its previous rent to renew. The extra value—if any—is entirely due to the firm's industry. If the authorities cannot, or will not, prevent such extortion, they ought at least to increase the rating assessment in the same proportion as the rent is increased.—*E. W., Jersey.*

Printers' Pie

[Half-a-crown is paid to the sender of every item published. Mark envelopes "Pie."]

"THOMSON'S WEEKLY NEWS":—"He walked into my place one day WHEN I WAS SELLING A SMALL BOY WITH A LEAD PENCIL OR SOMETHING."

"BATH CHRONICLE AND HERALD":—"—— has recently been recommended for the —— Certificate for gallantry in rescuing a child from DROWNING in the Nottingham Canal."

"BIRMINGHAM MAIL":—"The largest track measures a quarter of a mile round, AND THE SMALLEST A THIRD OF A MILE."

"EASTERN DAILY PRESS": —"Wanted, good PLAIN FAMILY'S WASHING. ——, Norwich."

"SOUTH WALES ECHO":—"It is predicted by the FEATHER EXPERTS that March will be fine generally."

"MY WEEKLY":—"The house he referred to was a tiny two-storeyed BUNGALOW."

"GLOUCESTER CITIZEN":—"For sale, Child's cot and pram, ALSO FOUL HOUSES. Write ——, Stroud."

"GLASGOW HERALD":—"He gets up and goes for a walk, sometimes on foot AND SOMETIMES IN A MOTOR-CAR."

An Unmixed Evil

Your paragraph suggesting that the Government should pay Civil servants weekly will be echoed by many who have to put up with the grinding inconvenience of the quarterly system. Not only has it driven many Civil servants into the hands of Shylock, but it is probably the chief cause of the poverty of the clergy. The quarterly system is an unmixed evil.—*R. M., Carnarvon.*

Tragic Figures

The toll of the slums is exemplified by the contrasting statistics of two Birmingham wards. The figures first given relate to a town-planning area, while the corresponding figures for a condemned ward are given in parentheses. General death-rate, 7.7 (18.1), infantile mortality per 1,000, 51 (133), death-rate per million from phthisis, well under 1,000 (2,030). What do our complacent politicians say in face of such figures?—*W. L., London.*

Make Them Insure!

Time and again we read in reports from our law courts of heedless youths, impecunious and uninsured, in charge of machines, maiming or disfiguring for life unoffending pedestrians. It is monstrous that lives should be thus wrecked and that no reparation should be awarded. It is time our legislators took this scandal in hand and passed a law enforcing insurance by heavy penalties.—*W. K., Aberdeen.*

Asking for Truth.

I agree with Miss Mabel Horner on the instruction of the young about the functions of their bodies. My little girl, when she was eight, said she really didn't believe she grew on a rosebush, and my boy, aged ten, appealed to me for the truth. This wasn't the time to deceive the enquiring minds, and I found it perfectly easy and natural to enlighten them. Now, at the ages of thirteen and fifteen, my children can discuss nature with reverence—without any embarrassment, and free from any sniggering and nastiness.—*Mrs. M., Birkenhead.*

Skill Lacking

One of the largest engineering firms in the north of England has plenty of orders, but cannot fulfil them for lack of men. Labourers there are in abundance, but practically no skilled hands. When will English boys wake up to the fact that they owe it to their country to learn a useful trade—properly? No wonder orders go abroad when we have no apprentices learning how to make the machines that are still required.—*H., Leeds.*

A Disclaimer

My client, Mr. Henry Robert Broadhurst, who is a manufacturing optician, carrying on business at 63, Farringdon Street, E.C., and who is, so far as he is aware, the only optical maker of that name in England, has had his attention called by one or two people to your article on page 13 of your issue of March 24, in which article the following appears: "His real name is believed to be Robert Broadhurst, and he is an optical instrument maker by profession. London is the place of his birth and he speaks with a full Cockney accent." On his behalf I would ask you to be good enough in your next issue to make it quite clear that the Robert Broadhurst referred to in your article has no connection at all with Mr. Henry Robert Broadhurst, of Messrs. Broadhurst, Clarkson and Co., manufacturing opticians, of 63, Farringdon Road, E.C.—*H. E. Griffin, 5, Gray's Inn Square, W.C.*

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RACING FOR ALL AT EASTER

Seventeen Meetings on One Day—Eagle's Pride for the Queen's Prize —Plumpton Plums—Three-Card Merchants—French Horses

THANKS to Mr. S. B. Joel's real Dark Warrior and the amazing Grand National winner, Tipperary Tim, the bookmakers won the first round, but, as the towel will not be thrown in until November, there is plenty of time for backers to get in some shrewd body blows.

LINCOLNSHIRE Handicap day and the first day at Liverpool were tragedies all round, and particularly for Turf prophets. In over a couple of hundred newspaper selections only two winners were mentioned, Bell Rock and Miss Onslow. However, I noticed a number of runners at the two meetings which are pretty sure to be money-spinners.

OF the two-year-old winners, Half Krona Filly by Lemonora, and Double Away—a brother to Embargo—should be backed until they are beaten. The seasoned Canfield, Pricelist and Maudlin struck me that they had gone on the right way. Fleeting Memory who won on "National" day should also score again.

I DO not intend to say much about the National; it has already been discussed too fully. I only hope that in future some method is introduced by which the size of the field is restricted. Easter Hero was responsible for putting at least a dozen runners out of the race, including my selection, Master Billie, when he landed on top of a fence.

I HAVE just looked through my copy of *The Racing Calendar*, and I find that on Easter Monday I have a choice of seventeen meetings. Kempton, Birmingham and Newcastle are catering for the flat-racing public. Under N.H. rules there are meetings at Manchester, Carlisle, Cardiff, Wetherby, Torquay, Market Rasen, West Norfolk, Herefordshire, Grafton, Huntingdon, Wincanton, Eridge and a couple in Ireland.

KEMPTON PARK, with the Queen's Prize up for decision, is the tit-bit of the batch. I understand that Eagle's Pride, the Cesarewitch winner, will run, and in this case I cannot see anything beating Mr. Halse's five-year-old. Dines, who showed us when scoring in the Liverpool Cup on Grandflight that he has retained the art of riding big race winners, may have the mount.

ON Saturday punters will be looking for plums over the sticks at Plumpton. My selections are: Langside, Shadow and Vicar Lane. This little fixture, particularly on Easter Saturday, attracts a vast holiday crowd. On the last occasion I attended it, although I had a paddock pass, I crossed the course and mixed with the crowd.

I SAW at least half-a-dozen three-card-trick gangs operating in an area of fifty yards, and they were doing a roaring trade. This swindle is as old as the hills. It has been exposed hundreds of times and yet people fall over themselves and think it is money for nothing. I saw dozens of fellows lose ten shilling and one pound notes. One shark actually boasted that he had won a tenner and handed back a pound as a sign of his honesty. It is not easy to back winners, but it is easier than "trying to find the lady."

FRENCH horses annexed twenty-four of our races last season, and they are expected to shine better than ever in the new campaign. There are sixty odd French-breds over here now and Dark Lantern II.—a runaway winner at Lincoln—gave them their first success. Incidentally, Dark Lantern is owned and trained by a Frant, Sussex, farmer, Mr. Boyd Davis. The whole of Frant backed the horse.

MM. BOUSSAC, the owner of Asterus, has Sartellus, a three-year-old, in S. Darling's charge at Newmarket. The colt is by the champion French stayer, Sardanaple out of Dunban, and the owner expects him to turn out better than Colorado's conqueror.

WAR MIST, Mr. Macomber's horse, who ran in the Lincoln, will stay in this country to meet immediate engagements, and Clout will supervise the preparation of the horse in order to avoid complications arising from clashing with other horses in the care of Sam Darling. He should pay his way.

I HAVE also received a strong hint to follow Chateaufort, who was sent here at the end of last season, although he did not run. Chateaufort is with Darling. He won three of eleven races in France in 1927, and was placed on seven occasions. Chateaufort's distance is anything from one to two miles. His victories were over a mile, a mile and a quarter and a mile and five furlongs.

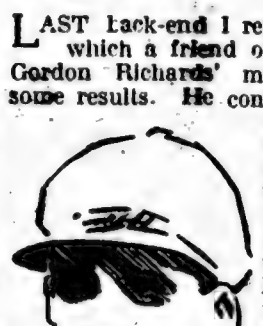
MY note last week anent Joe Lawson, Alec Taylor's successor, soon bore fruit. His first runner, Lucky Tor, turned out a winner. I must say I hardly expected a start from Manton so early in the season. As a rule, their "strawberries" ripen round about June. Lawson has Siedmere very fit; the four-year-old should be noted first time out.

ONE of my correspondents who does not believe in betting for betting's sake, tells me that this season he is "adopting" a small stable and would like a hint on the best to follow. I have suggested the well-known actor-trainer, Mr. Tom Walls. He brought off coups last season with John Denis, Autocrat, Moya, Battles and others. These are still in his stable of about twenty horses. In John Silver, Caballero and Molly the Marchioness he has a trio of three-year-olds which will pay their way.

AN old familiar friend, *Ruff's Guide to the Turf*, is out once more. *Ruff's* is the most comprehensive racing work published and should be in every racing man's library. It covers racing under Jockey Club and National Hunt rules, from A to Z, and also touches on the Waterloo Cup, the Blue Riband of the coursing world.

UNFORTUNATELY, I have not space to devote to a full list of contents—sixty odd subjects are covered—but with *Ruff's* by your side there is hardly a racing query that matters which cannot be answered.

LAST back-end I referred to a system which a friend of mine worked on Gordon Richards' mounts with handsome results. He considered the jockey as worth 5 lb. to his horse and deducted it from the weight allotted. If this placed the horse with a good winning chance he backed it. I mention this system as I know that Richards will be followed blindly on an increasing stake. The latter may pay, but the best of jockeys have big losing sequences and the bank will not stand it. Gordon had a losing run of seventeen mounts last season.



Gordon Richards

"SILVER RING."

Two coded selections will be given daily in *The Sporting Life*.

W P F Q C Y K T G 2 U V B S

E Z M X H A L 3 J D I N O R

How to read the code: In place of the letters or figures advertised in *The Sporting Life* read those above or below the line as the case may be. JYSVBHL would read GARNOCK.

The code will be changed in next week's JOHN BULL. It covers the racing from Wednesday, April 4, to Tuesday, April 10.

In addition to "Silver Ring's" code tips, *The Sporting Life* publishes two selections daily, sent out by the racing experts of *The Sporting Life Weekly Edition*. Don't miss them.

"Soccer" Selections

WEEK-END COUPS.

6 HOME.—Birmingham, Everton, Clapton O., Bradford, Stockport, Millwall.
5 HOME.—Blackburn, Oldham, Stockport, Brighton, Glasgow Rangers.
4 HOME. — Huddersfield, Southampton, Bradford, Stockport.
3 AWAY.—Preston, Darlington, Hearts.
3 DRAWS.—W. Bromwich v. Leeds, Chesterfield v. Lincoln, Clyde v. Dundee.
3 HOME, 2 AWAY.—Bradford, Stockport, Millwall, Preston, Darlington.
1 HOME, 1 AWAY, 1 DRAW.—Bolton, Preston Norwich v. Newport.
SPECIAL 5 HOME (LEAGUES I. AND II.).—Birmingham, Everton, Huddersfield, Blackpool, Clapton O.

FORECASTS FOR APRIL 14.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION I.
HOME WINNERS.—Aston Villa, Burnley, Bury, Leicester, Liverpool, Portsmouth, Sunderland, West Ham.
AWAY WINNER.—Huddersfield.
DRAWS.—Derby v. Bolton, Sheffield U. v. Everton.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION II.
HOME WINNERS.—Barnsley, Leeds, Manchester C., Port Vale, Preston, Swansea.
AWAY WINNERS.—Chelsea, Stoke.
DRAWS.—Fulham v. Oldham, Notts Forest v. West Bromwich, Wolverhampton v. Reading.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISION III. (Northern).
HOME WINNERS.—Ashington, Bradford C. Crewe, Darlington, Halifax, Hartlepools, Lincoln, New Brighton.
AWAY WINNER.—Tranmere.
DRAWS.—Accrington v. Bradford, Doncaster v. Stockport.

THE LEAGUE.—DIVISON III. (Southern).
HOME WINNERS.—Bristol R., Gillingham, Newport, Plymouth, Swindon.
AWAY WINNERS.—Brighton, Exeter, Luton, Northampton.
DRAWS.—Walsall v. Millwall, Watford v. Southend.

SCOTTISH CUP FINAL.
WINNER.—Celtic.

THE SCOTTISH LEAGUE.
HOME WINNERS.—Aberdeen, Falkirk, Hamilton, Hearts, Partick.
AWAY WINNERS.—Hibernians, Motherwell.
DRAW.—Dunfermline v. Kilmarnock.

If Your Luck's Out
—your source of information may be at fault. Consult
"The Sporting Life"
Daily—2d.

THE MAIL ORDER MARKET
A Perfect Postal Service for Bargain Hunters

PAY FOR YOUR NEW SUIT AS YOU WEAR IT

Each Suit is Cut and Made to your OWN MEASUREMENTS, from the New Season's Cloths. NO DEPOSIT. Delivered on payment of first instalment of 7/- and then pay 7/- monthly until you have paid in all

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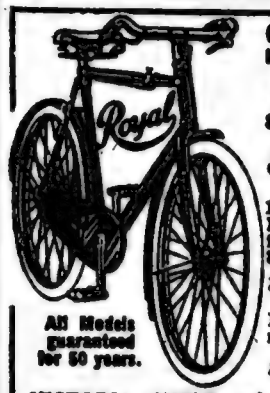
R.M. MACKINTOSH from 21/-.
DINNER JACKET SUITS, made to measure, from 84/- to 98/-, on similar easy terms. Before placing your order elsewhere, write or call for Patterns, Catalogue and Self-Measurement form.
Money refunded if unsatisfactory. Established 1901
J.B. THORNE & CO.
36, Langham St., London, W.1.



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10 GN. MODEL DE LUXE, fitted with famous Sturmey Archer 3-Speed Gear, etc., for
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Numerous other models at similar reductions.
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BEDROOM MODEL
Luxuriously sprung and upholstered in charming coverings. Send for Free Patterns.
CASH PRICE
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Loose Cover 12/6 extra
GUARANTEE Money Back if not satisfied. Delivery Free England & Wales
H. J. SEARLE & SON (1926) LTD., (Dept. J.B), 70-78, Old Kent Rd., London, S.E.1.
West End Showrooms: 133, Victoria St., Westminster, S.W.1.

70/-
Defies FIRE! Defies THIEF!
A real strong British-made Safe of best steel with jointless corners.
The HOME SAFE
BENT STEEL for Office, Shop or Home.
Banishes all anxiety about money, documents, jewellery, etc. Inside measurements 18½ in. high, 10½ in. wide, 8½in. deep. Price 70/- carr. paid. Double size 98/6.
The BELCO STAPLER will fasten your papers absolutely securely. Just a tap and they're fixed. A real boon. Staples feed in automatically. Price 8/6 post free. Extra staples 1/6 per 1,000
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BELLS Ltd., Upperhead Row Works, LEEDS.

Wonderful!
WRITE TO-DAY FOR CATALOGUE POST FREE
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Price £4 4s 0d
For the finest value in the world in Ladies' or Gents' cycles, see the "Bradshaw" Illustrated catalogue of twelve different models supplied on the easiest of easy terms.
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Carriage paid U.K. or £1 down & 11 monthly payments of 9/11.
Model 14. Beautifully finished Oak cabinets with famous Collaro DOUBLE SPRING 3-record Motor and new Metal Sound Chamber. Perfect tone great volume. Send NOW for FREE LIST or call.
CABINET GRAMOPHONE Co. (Dept. J.B.28), 78 Charing Cross Rd. London W.C.2. also 169, High St (N), E. Ham, 61, George St., Croydon, and 361, High Rd., Tottenham.
The New Improved
FULLOTONE

HAKE MONEY NOW TO SPEND WHEN HOLIDAYS COME.
Here is a profitable hobby for your leisure hours. Such a fascinating hobby, too, knitting beautiful things on the Imperia Knitter. You can make a pound or two pounds a week just in spare time.

We guarantee to buy your work or you can sell to private customers if you like. It is easy to sell, the work is so perfect and good. You can make jumpers, sports coats, hosiery and all sorts of underwear, and the Imperia Knitter is so simple you can begin earning at once. The Imperia Book tells all about the Imperia Knitter and shows in colour the lovely work you can make. Write for it (it is free), and see what a splendid opportunity it offers.
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SALE! During our Sale we are, as an advertisement, offering a limited number of GENUINE DAINTICARS at greatly reduced prices. This new model, as illustrated, for
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SPARE TIME AGENCY
CASH OR CREDIT
Boots, Gent's and Ladies' Clothing, Suits, Coats, Costumes & Underwear, Carpets, Lino, Hosiery, Gramophones, Bicycles, Jewellery, Watches Clocks, China, Toys, Baby Carriages, etc.
Men in regular employment appointed as Agents. Largest stock in the trade. Liberal supply of samples. Highest Commission paid.
Illustrated Coloured Catalogue.
NO OUTLAY, ALL PROFIT.
Enquiries for Agency Invited.
LAVENDER HILL, LONDON.

How to Stop Smoking

Many men spend 10/- or more a week on tobacco and cigarettes; how much could you save if you gave up smoking? You will save not only the money you are now wasting but your nerves and general health, giving you sounder sleep, a better appetite and altogether a brighter outlook on life. Thousands have mastered the heavy smoking habit quickly, permanently, by help of the Stanley Treatment for Tobacco Habit. The Editor of "Health and Efficiency" says:—"It is a pleasure to recommend such a method which brings freedom from the tyranny of tobacco." Think what it would mean to YOU in health and pocket to be done with Tobacco, and write to-day for booklet and particulars of this genuine treatment.—The Stanley Institute, (Room B) 81, Warwick Lane, London, E.C.4.

The Startling Rapidity Of 'ASPRO' Healing

A startling fact about 'ASPRO' is its almost miraculous rapidity in healing—in giving results. Furthermore, it stops pain by a soothing process, not by doping or deadening. There is no need now to take dangerous drugs. 'ASPRO' will do the work for you in its wonderful safe, soothing way. After ingestion in the system 'ASPRO' is antipyretic, antiseptic, antifermentative, a solvent of uric acid and a powerful germicide, therefore in its action of soothing away your pain it is also a valuable factor for dispelling or dissolving the cause of the pain.

A Medicine with a Message

'ASPRO' is a medicine with a message for you. It means less pain and more health, less irritability and less necessity to take medicines. While you are hynotised with pain it is almost impossible for Nature to function in her healing, constructive way. Let 'ASPRO' remove the pain for you and dispel its cause. Then you will be your old self again. Stop doing that which makes you ill and start doing that which will make you well, and the gain is double. Read this:

LIVING TESTIMONY

Professor Dr. L. Demolis, Recommended by INTERNATIONAL RED CROSS Commission, Geneva, Reports on 'ASPRO' as follows

Rue de Hesse, 4 et boul, Georges-Favon 30, Geneve. 23rd February, 1928.
'ASPRO' made by Aspro, Limited, Slough, Bucks.
CERTIFICATE (Extract).
I have analysed qualitatively and quantitatively the 'ASPRO' Tablets. They contain NO FREE SALICYLIC ACID, and are extremely pure, answering in all respects the requirements of the Swiss Pharmacopœia, which governs the prescription, preparation and sale of medicaments throughout the Confederation.
'ASPRO' is pure, 98.89%—100% pure.
(Signed) Yours very truly,
Professor Dr. L. DEMOLIS.
This is one of the most conclusive tributes given to any medicine in the world. It amply demonstrates the claims made for 'ASPRO' from time to time.

Aspirin Failed 3 Times
Where 'ASPRO' Succeeded

Doncaster, 18/2/28.
Dear Sirs,—I am not one that is fond of writing, but I like to give thanks when I have been helped. Well, the first time I took 'ASPRO' was in the infirmary in September, 1926. After the Sister had tried Aspirins, to no effect, one of the other patients in the ward had some 'ASPRO' that his wife had brought him, and he asked me to try two, and after 10 minutes I did not know that I'd had the headache at all, thanks to 'ASPRO.' I did not have any trouble with my head again until June last year (1927); then again I tried Aspirins, but was no good, so my landlady asked me to take a powder, but that did not ease me, so thought about 'ASPRO,' and I turned to them once more, and AFTER 10 MINUTES THE PAIN HAD GONE. What's making me write now is because I have been suffering with headache ever since the 7th of this month (Feb.) and I took other medicines, but they did not ease me, so last night (Feb. 17th) I went out to a nearby shop and bought 6d. worth of 'ASPRO.' I took two at 8.10 p.m., and by 8.25 the pain had gone. Thanks again to 'ASPRO.' Anybody that I know has a headache I shall always recommend your wonderful 'ASPRO'; I shall not ask them to buy any if they will take two of mine first, because I am certain I shall never be without them again. I am only a Miner, but I know which is best to Aspirins, Powders and Pills, and Tablets and 'ASPRO.' It is 'ASPRO' every time.—Yours truly,
(Signed) JOSEPH CONWAY.

LET 'ASPRO' STOP THE PAIN AND DISPEL THE CAUSE OF

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NEURALGIA
RHEUMATISM
SLEEPLESSNESS
LUMBAGO
IRRITABILITY
ALCOHOLIC AFTER-EFFECTS
INFLUENZA
COLDS
NEURITIS
GOUT
PAINS PECULIAR TO WOMEN
NERVE SHOCK

TO AVOID DISAPPOINTMENT ABSOLUTELY REFUSE AN IMITATION

'ASPRO' consists of the purest Acetyl Salicylic Acid that has ever been known to Medical Science, and its claims are based on its superiority.
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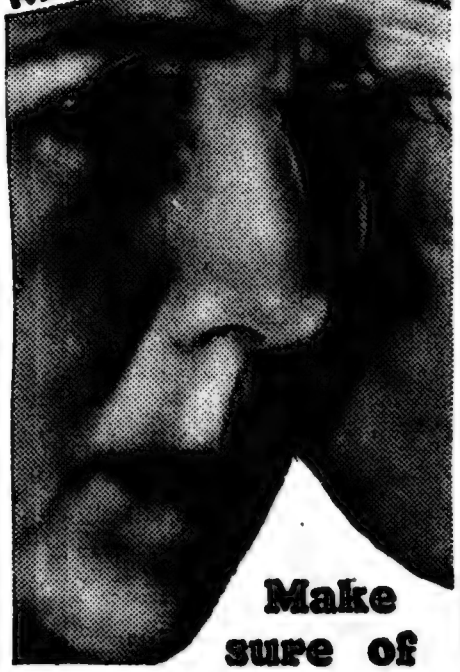
No proprietary right is claimed in the method of manufacture or the formula.
Obtainable from Chemists and Stores Everywhere

6D & 1/3
PER PACKET
ASPRO
REGISTERED TRADE MARK

DEPRESSION

DR. CASSELL'S TABLETS BANISH DEPRESSION BY RESTORING THE NERVES



Make sure of *permanent* relief

Your nerves decide whether you are healthy or depressed. It is very hard to be optimistic when suffering from the irritating pains of a weak nervous system.

Avoid drugs which merely soothe the pain. Authorities say weak nerves *must be nourished*; and this fact is well attested by the thousands of people who have regained health through taking Dr. Cassell's Tablets.

These remarkable tablets nourish the nerves and enrich the blood with Hypophosphites and Blood Nutrients, and this process is assisted by the stimulation of appetite and digestion through valuable Stomachics and Digestive Enzymes. Start a course of Dr. Cassell's to-day, and soon you will enjoy the bright healthy outlook upon life you have envied in optimists "without nerves".

Dr. Cassell's Tablets

2/3 and 3/- per box

Sole Producers: Veno Drug Co. (1925) Ltd.

BAD LEGS

View of National Infirmary for Bad Legs, Gt. Clowes Street, Broughton, Manchester, the only Institution in the world founded solely for the Treatment of Bad Legs.

A treatment which permanently heals bad legs by an entirely new method without rest, when doctors and specialists have given the patient up as incurable even with the aid of rest, is something of a novelty, even in these days of medical marvels.

This method is known as the Tremol method of treating bad legs and by it your leg is made well and strong without a moment's rest, without neglecting your work for one single instant, and without the possibility of a failure, because this new method permits of no relapse. These grand results are permanent and lasting. But this is not all. Every form of bad leg succumbs to this new treatment. Varicose ulcers melt away, and even when combined with varicose veins disappear. Eczema vanishes, swollen and painful legs become painless. Tubercular bone and ulcers heal up. Inflammation and irritation become things of the past

DO YOU SUFFER FROM

VARICOSE ULCERS, VARICOSE ECZEMA, SORE LEGS, SWOLLEN LEGS, PAINFUL JOINTS?

IF YOU SUFFER FROM ANY OF THESE OR ANY OTHER LEG TROUBLE

TREMOL IS THE RIGHT TREATMENT

The worst and most hopeless of cases yield to Tremol Treatment. Cases of Twenty, Thirty, and Forty Years' standing succumb to the Treatment. When Doctors and Hospitals have failed, Tremol conquers. Seize your opportunity now. Get your leg soundly healed.

Think what Tremol means to you—No More Loss of Time from Work—No More Leg Worry—Able to Enjoy Life—No More Resting the Leg—Renewed Health and Vigour—Your Work Made a Pleasure—A New Vista of Life Opened Out Before You—Your Leg Made Sound and Well. Let every sufferer remember this:—

Tremol Treatment

CONQUERS BAD LEGS AT HOME

WITHOUT ABSENCE FROM WORK

NO RESTING IS NECESSARY

YOU HAVE BETTER HEALTH

RESULTS ARE CERTAIN AND LASTING

A large, illustrated book, giving full particulars of this powerful remedy, together with a legal guarantee and a list of cases in your own district, will be sent free of charge to every sufferer.

This book is full of sound information and advice to all Bad Leg Sufferers. Thousands praise the day they read this valuable book. It gave them the knowledge of how to get cured in their own homes, without loss of work, without painful operations, and without resting. Send for this valuable book at once. You will learn—How Open Wounds are Healed—How Varicose Ulcers are Healed—How Varicose Eczema is Relieved—How Inflammation and Scaliness of the Leg are Dispelled—The Right Method of Treatment for Varicose Veins—How Lasting Relief from Joint Trouble is Obtained—A Successful Treatment for Painful Swollen Knees—How Leg Swellings are Reduced—Why Rest is Unnecessary—Advantages of Individual Treatment—How Better Health is Gained—How Bad Legs are Cured Without Pain. Early application for the book is necessary, as only a limited number of free copies is to be distributed.

DON'T FORGET THIS.—You can conquer your leg trouble yourself in your own home WITHOUT REST, OPERATION, RELAPSE, or FAILURE. This is not a chance to be missed, and you should write at once to the NATIONAL INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS (Ward B.L.), GREAT CLOWES STREET, BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER, describing your case, and THE BOOK WILL BE SENT FREE.

National College of Health Ltd.

FREE COUPON

NATIONAL INFIRMARY FOR BAD LEGS, (Ward B.L.),
Gt. Clowes St., BROUGHTON, MANCHESTER.
Please send me your valuable book and any subsequent particulars of Tremol Treatment.

Signed .....
(Mr., Mrs., Miss, or Rev.)

Address .....

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State Complaint .....

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Zam-Buk

BEST FOR SKIN TROUBLES

YOU MUST HAVE THE RIGHT DIET

One point on which all Doctors are agreed is that to maintain or regain really good health you must have a properly regulated and balanced diet.

Those who would like a little free expert advice on this very important subject should write to the great health expert, EUSTACE MILES, M.A. (Dept. D.B.J.), 40, Chandos Street, London, W.C.2, who has given permanent relief of various ailments and troubles to many thousands and has put them on the straight road to physical and mental fitness. Mention any ailments and details of average daily meals. Write name and address in capitals, and enclose 1½d. stamp for postage.

2/6 PER WEEK

Payable Monthly

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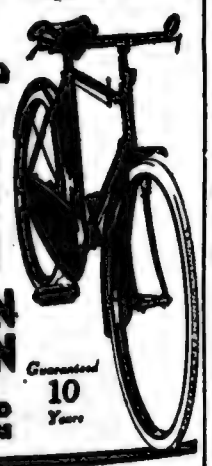

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A DEALER IN EVERY TOWN

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ARIEL WORKS LIMITED
SELLY OAK BIRMINGHAM

Guaranteed 10 *Years*

SHARP'S SUPER-KREEM TOFFEE

Has no SUPER-ior

John Bull Replies

The Editor may be flippant on this page, but his humour is kindly and never malicious. He likes to end up the week's work on a bright note. Serious questions are dealt with by the expert staff of our Free Advice Service.

* * *

WHAT is the good of Easter holidays if there is worry staring you in the face all the time? No good at all. But why not get rid of it? Send particulars (written in ink), with stamped, addressed envelope, to John Bull's *Free Advice Service, and the way to regain peace of mind and enjoyment of holidays will be pointed out to you.*

Geo. T. (Willesden).—"I have a thick head of hair." Why "of hair"?

P. L. (Hatfield).—"What does R.D. mean on a cheque?" Run dry.

L. F. (Hayes).—"And in conclusion I think——" We doubt it.

Nan (Edgware).—"He kissed me on the chin." He aimed too low.

S. R. (Letchworth).—"I know my own mind." Well, it's a small start, but may lead to something bigger.

D. N. (Highbury).—"He turns up his nose at work." Tell him to turn up his sleeves instead.

A. H. (Gosport).—"What are the chief exports of Scotland?" Scotch and Scots.

T. S. (Wallingford).—"I realise that the enclosed poem could be better." It certainly couldn't be anything else.

A. W. (Maidstone).—"My small son has the brain of a politician." Cheer up. Many clever lads are backward at first.

F. G. (Luton).—"I have brains, good looks and energy, but there's one thing I need." Yes, a larger hat.

T. G. (Acton).—"I am afraid my article is rather deep." We thought it was very thin and far too long.

S. G. (Haworth).—"Nothing seems to please my husband." Try giving him that for breakfast.

K. P. (Morecambe).—"He married beauty, wealth, brains and wit." Sounds like a bad case of bigamy.

A. N. (Cranleigh).—"Income-tax is really a penalty." Yes, it's capital punishment.

N. A. (Penge).—"He wrote a poem called 'Lines on my Sweetheart's Face.'" And have you?

T. S. (Newton).—"I had no summer holiday last year." Nobody did. There was no summer.

B. C. (Ingleton).—"They are an odd pair." How can they be odd when they are a pair?

A. L. (Romford).—"Did you get my last letter?" Yes, but it evidently wasn't.

F. M. (London, N.).—"I am able to keep a secret still." There is a very heavy penalty for keeping a secret still.

L. C. (Egham).—"I found the young scamp playing marbles when he was supposed to be at school." So you caught him bending.

G. S. (Doncaster).—"Scotland has recently been beaten at football, Rugby and hockey." Now we know why Caledonia is stern and wild.

Mrs. R. (Selby).—"All men are fools." No, no. Some men are bachelors.

Mrs. G. (Cleckheaton).—"What is the best furniture cleaner?" A husband.

N. M. (Yarmouth).—"Money doesn't go so far as it used to." Nevertheless, it goes much faster.

A. W. (Goole).—"He has made a lot of money by selling parrots." Is he a ventriloquist?

F. C. (Hendon).—"My lawn is very uneven." Then roll your sleeves up and the roller up and down.

D. H. (Ely).—"Her heel caught in the hem of her skirt." When was this? In 1900?

F. N. (London, E.).—"The hairs of our heads are numbered." We know a man with 0.

A. N. (Tooting).—"When he proposed to me I was taken by surprise." Had you given up all hope?

T. R. (Hayes).—"He admires brunettes and I am a blonde." Will you change or will he?

Miss T. (Ponders End).—"She cut me unmercifully." Gave you an Eton crop instead of a shingle?

D. G. (Moseley).—"I mended the clock myself." Now you know what time it isn't.

P. A. C. (Ealing).—"Once she seemed to care for me, but now she has become different." You mean indifferent.

Old Reader (West Ham).—"I can write grammatically." Then why don't you?

F. K. M. (Grimsby).—"My wife commands my respect." Then you, of course, respect her commands?

Gus (Hounslow).—"I told her she was my first and only love." And, as a matter of fact, you were right.

E. F. (Ipswich).—"I say a witty thing often." Real wits say a witty thing once only.

J. C. (Oxford).—"The machine will pay for itself." Try telling that to the man who calls for the instalment.

Miss P. (Hastings).—"I dread thinking of my thirtieth birthday." Can you remember so far back as that?

G. J. (Drayton).—"I have a great belief in myself." You are easily convinced.

P. T. (Saltaire).—"He hit the golf ball on to the road and stunned a man." Was he charged with reckless driving?

R. R. (Nuneaton).—"I never argue with my wife." Your attitude is really a species of refined cruelty.

C. T. (Chertsey).—"I tried to ring you up the other day, but got a succession of wrong numbers." The telephone has its advantages.

T. C. (West Ham).—"If I had £10,000 I could make a fortune on the Stock Exchange." No doubt. But whose fortune?

S. W. (Willesden).—"A highbrow friend lent me a book of futurist poems, but I couldn't understand one of them." Hard lines for you.

J. F. (Penge). — "A drapery-store keeper told me, as a proof of reviving trade, that people are now wearing more gloves." Maybe; but so far we haven't noticed anyone wearing more than two.

B. D. (Peterborough).—"I saw the bishop." He also had his see.

Scot (Dundee).—"I love listening-in on Sundays." Of course—no collection!

M. G. (Wells).—"No doubt he took me for an idiot." Is he collecting them, then?

S. P. (Croydon).—"I am in a lucky groove." Then be careful you keep out of a rut.

Mrs. G. (Lancaster).—"She stole my new evening dress." Could anyone see the difference?

C. M. (Bedford).—"The man who has his quiver full is blessed." When he can begin to fire them off!

C. W. (Dawlish).—"Can you tell me a certain cure for sea-sickness?" Keep on land.

G. K. (Liverpool).—"What is a platitude?" A worn-out truth with a steady job.

E. P. (Doncaster).—"I always raise my hat on meeting a lady." And your eyebrows if you find she isn't?

Mrs. T. (Sutton Coldfield).—"Marriage is a lottery." But, unfortunately, the police don't suppress it.

B. M. (Maida Vale).—"Many householders are being troubled by rats just now." And many more by rates.

Mary (Siston).—"I stayed seven years as servant in one place." Without a break?

Miss M. (Bournemouth).—"It got about that I was going to be married." Be grateful for the rumour.

Mrs. S. (Yarborough).—"I don't know how he dare look me in the face." Possibly time has helped him to get used to it.

A. L. (Leeds).—"I can always get a good place with my writing abilities." Do you write your own recommendations?

M. W. (Morecambe).—"He left me, and what sort of a husband do you call him for that?" Judging from the tone of your letter, a wise one.

J. C. (Sheffield).—"My wife seems to have got the needle." Now it's up to you to get the Gramophone. We offer 100 in *Bullets* this week.

E. F. (Blackburn).—"After I had chased him quite a long way, the thief who took my purse unfortunately escaped." Anyway, you had a run for your money.

Eva L. (Chorley Wood).—"He is always very flattering, but they tell me he is terribly in debt." Pays nothing but compliments, in fact."

D. (Portsmouth).—"Because there's safety in numbers I walk out with two girls." Then you'll soon have to seek safety in Exodus.

A. G. (Nottingham).—"I have a sympathetic friend who, when I am in difficulties, is always ready to lend me his ear." But is he sympathetic enough to lend you anything else?

Lottie (Hastings).—"To fall in love at first sight of a person is most remarkable." On the contrary, to keep in love after several years of sight of a person is much more remarkable.

Mrs. O. (Otley).—"My boy is always hanging around street corners, but I can't find him for nuts when there's work to be done." He must be qualifying for a policeman.

"Unlucky" (Deptford).—"Shall I always be last?" Not if you last.

Tony (Belfast).—"I am not engaged to her." We congratulate—her.

W. J. (Bath).—"I haven't time." Lazy people never have.

Maisie (Barking).—"I have a great ambition to be screened." But if you were you'd be seen!

Mrs. H. (Plaistow).—"Whenever I go out my little girl cries for me." Why can't you cry for yourself?

L. P. (Edinburgh).—"I learned to play the organ, but gave it up." Did the monkey die?

V. G. (Stamford Bridge).—"Cremation is popular in my family." But we'll wager you all put it off until the last moment.

F. P. (Rugby).—"There's nothing like the good old British beer." That will greatly offend the brewers of new British beer.

F. W. (Clitheroe).—"I know a hen that laid one egg six inches long." That's nothing. We know a man that laid a carpet fifteen feet long.

H. L. K. (Bradford).—"I always obey the bylaws of my own municipality." That's nothing. Most people follow their own corporations.

B. B. (Lancaster).—"Grown-up people should be able to spend a few hours together without disagreeing." Shut up Mussolini, Jimmy Maxton, Pussyfoot Johnson and Arbuthnot Lane in one room for a week and then see.

(Many replies unavoidably held over.)

FOR range, volume and purity. For economy and long life, always insist upon Mullard P.M. Radio Valves with the wonderful Mullard P.M. Filament.

They improve every radio receiver.

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THE·MASTER·VALVE

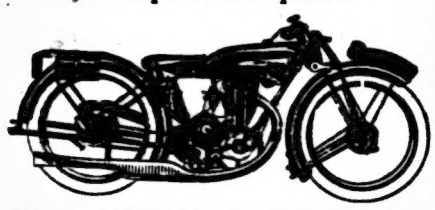
Advt. The Mullard Wireless Service Co., Ltd., Mullard House, Denmark St., London, W.C.2.

A

ROYAL ENFIELD

MOTOR CYCLE
for £9 · 1 · 3
down and 12 monthly payments of £2 · 9 · 0

The 2.25 h.p. Royal Enfield can be obtained by means of our own Gradual Payment Scheme for this exceedingly low figure. Call on your local Royal Enfield Agent, or fill in and post the Coupon below. Other models from 3.46 h.p. to 9.76 h.p. at low prices.



3.46 h.p. O.H.V. Model, £50, or a deposit of £13 8s. 9d. and 12 monthly payments of £3 12s. 7d., including Insurance.

Fill in and post the Coupon to—

Please send Catalogue.

The Enfield Cycle Co., Ltd., Redditch.

NAME .....

ADDRESS .....

.....

.....D2.

WHY SUFFER from

BOILS, CARBUNCLES
and other
forms of Poisoned Blood

Abscesses	Whitlows
Ulcers	Ringworm
Eczema	Polypus
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LION OINTMENT
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Send postcard for it to Edwin Burgess, Ltd. 59c, Gray's Inn Road, W.C.1.

"The Greatest of These . . . ."

The Easter Message

Turn Sorrow into Gladness

THE following is one of the many cases of great suffering recently brought to our notice.

It is that of a married man of twenty-seven, with three young children, who broke his leg in two places by a fall of iron shaft at his work in 1926. His disablement compensation ceased some months ago, and he is now unable to get work.

"I have been miles after any job," he says, "that is likely to want men, and have been 23½ miles to-day where they are rebuilding a mansion, but was told they did not want anyone."

He lives in a miserable cottage on a water-logged common, for which he pays rent and rates.

His wife became dangerously ill with bronchitis—consumption is feared. Because their cottage was unsafe, and because the doctor said she was very enfeebled and badly nourished, she was taken to the nearest union.

The husband states that she was so unhappy there, however, that he had to fetch her away.

So now he has to manage out of his unemployment pay of 29s. per week to give 12s. 6d. to his parents to keep the wife and youngest child and 5s. per week to have his child of four looked after, leaving him with 12s. per week with which to pay rent and feed and clothe himself and his little son.

With the extra expense of his wife's illness, his rent and rates are in arrears.

"I have had to sell most of my things," he tells us, "to get food, and my only decent suit I have had to pledge, and I am now in want of warm clothing for my wife to go to hospital first to have her teeth extracted and then to the sanatorium under observation for tuberculosis."

"These are very tidy people," says their minister, "willing to work. Children attending our school are clean, but not fed sufficiently. All the family at present in somewhat parlous state—through no fault of their own."

This is Easter-tide, when the dark tragedy of the Passion turns to the glory of the Resurrection—the winter to the spring.

It is within the power of our readers to bring joy after sorrow to these suffering people, if they will subscribe as liberally as they can to our fund, and bring upon themselves an Easter blessing.

"The Greatest of These—"

Registered under the War Charities Act as the JOHN BULL *War Sufferers' Fund. All cheques should be made payable to the Fund, and donations addressed to* **The Hon. Secretary, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.** *Every penny that is subscribed to "The Greatest of These—" Fund goes to give help to the needy. All the expenses of administration are borne by* JOHN BULL.

ACKNOWLEDGMENTS

A Sidcup Working Man, 2s. 6d.; On the Dole (Oldham), 1s.; My D.23 (Exmouth), 1s.; Chorister's Mother, 1s.; Miss A. Siddons, 5s.; One Tenth Single, 2s. 6d.; M. S., 1s.; M. A. B. (Burnley), 1s.; A Reader (Aldershot), 2s. 6d.; J. E. S. (Forest Gate), 2s.; Nobody, 5s.; J. Brown (Forest Gate), 1s.; Mrs. Crosland, 2s.; New Invention, 2s.; A M. S., 1s.; Father's Mite, 2s.; Ninehills, 5s.; Anon. (Poplar), 1s.; A. E. W., 10s.; Anon., 2s.; Mrs. C. Manifold (Derby), 1s.; Anon. (Lowestoft), 6d.; J. Bambridge, 6d.; Mr. Rimmer (Anfield), 2s. 6d.; Mrs. E. Jolliffe (Easton), 5s.; R. Rossi, 2s.; K. L. (Liverpool), 2s.; S. A. M. (Poole), 6d.; With Love, 1s.; J. M., 1s.; A Friend (Dover), 5s.; Anon. (Hawick Rox), 6d.; Forest-Sider (Epping), 2s. 6d.; A Holyhead Sympathiser, 1s.; A Roman Catholic, £5; L. B. (Plaistow), 2s. 6d.; L. Wootten (Corsham), 4½d.; Mrs. T. E. Traill, 10s.; A. Bedwell (Reading), 5s.; Anon. (Dundee), 5s.; F. L. D., 2s.; Devon Reader 2s. 6d.; Mrs. A. C. Gilbert, 6d.; B. J. Askew (Oundle), 2s. 6d.; J. H. L., 5s.; Grateful R., 5s.; Miss M. Greenwood, 2s.; A Widow (Chelsea), 5s.; G. Norman (Oswald Kirk), 1s.; 17 (E.W.), 6d.; E. Thorogood, 2s. 6d.; T. Cross, 2s. 6d.; Hopeful, 2s.; B. Brighton, 2s.; Anon., 6d.; Mrs. Needham and Family, 5s.; B. R. Hosking (Greenford), 2s.; W. L. (Macclesfield), 2s. 6d.; Anon. (Manchester) 1s. 9d.; ?, 9d.; R. M., 2s.; Mr. H. Potts (Rochdale), 1s. 6d.; Lottie, 6d.

(Many acknowledgments unavoidably held over.)

"BULLETS" RULES.

1. The First Prize will be awarded for what in the opinion of the judges in consultation with the Editor is the best Bullet received, and the other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality.

2. Only two attempts may be written on each coupon, and a postal order must be enclosed at the rate of 6d. for each coupon made use of. This must be made payable to JOHN BULL, and crossed and Co. Competitors must write their names and addresses and the date of sending the order on the back of the postal order, the number of which must be duly noted on each coupon submitted. Coupons must not be mutilated.

3. The Editor undertakes that every Bullet received shall have careful consideration by a competent staff of qualified judges.

4. The Editor's decision on any matter of dispute arising in connection with this competition must be accepted as final and legally binding in all respects and acceptance of this rule is an express condition of entry.

Employees of Odhams Press are not eligible to compete.

"JOHN BULL'S" GUARANTEE.

EVERY article advertised in "John Bull" carries with it a "money-back" guarantee.

All foods, food products, toilet preparations, medicines and drugs, and other articles capable of a laboratory test, which have been approved by our experts, are marked— YEBRO JB

In the case of medicines and drugs we guarantee that if they are taken or applied according to the directions they will have no injurious effects.

Naturally this guarantee applies only to manufactured articles, but every care is taken to satisfy ourselves as to the bona fides of all advertisements in "John Bull."

Any complaint must reach us within one month from the appearance of the advertisement in "John Bull," and in the case of dispute the decision of our Managing Director shall be final.

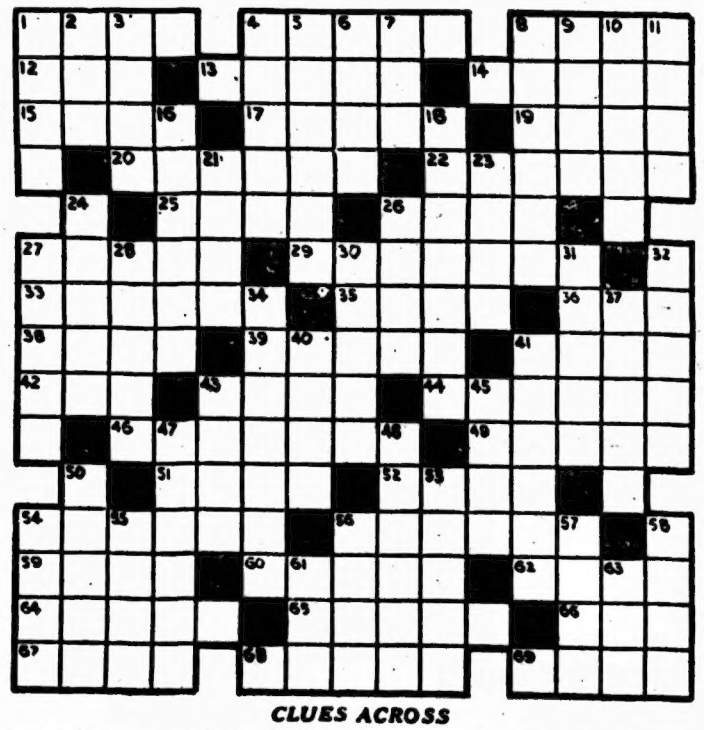
ODHAMS PRESS LIMITED,
Proprietors of "John Bull."

PROPHECY
AND THE
GREAT PYRAMID
BY
D. DAVIDSON
A Series of Special Articles
Fully Illustrated.
PRICE 6d. Postage Inland 1d. extra.

To be obtained from Mr. D. DAVIDSON, 47, PARK SQUARE, LEEDS; and WILLIAMS & NORGATE Ltd., 38, GREAT ORMONDE STREET, LONDON, W.C.1.

Our Cross-Word Corner

This Will Puzzle You



CLUES ACROSS

1. Relatives.
4. A bar.
8. Talk indiscreetly.
12. Part of verb "to be."
13. A stick.
14. Capital of Egypt.
15. List of candidates.
17. Contesting place.
19. Part of the finger.
20. Apple-like fruit.
22. Scanty.
25. Want.
26. A yoke of animals.
27. Hue.
29. Relating to morals.
33. Table articles.
35. Scarce.
36. Employ.
38. State.
39. Harmony.
41. Urchin.
42. French for "sea."
43. Jump.
44. Erase.
46. One of three.
49. Portended.
51. Preposition.
52. Base.
54. A cosmetic.
56. Man-o'-war's boat.
59. Old.
60. To perform.
62. Intense dislike.
64. Domain.
65. Open.
66. By way of
67. Mongrel.
68. Degree.
69. Equal.

CLUES DOWN

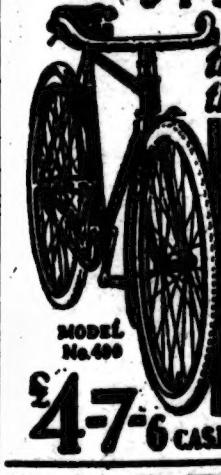
1. A vegetable
2. Wrath.
3. Prolific.
4. Trite.
5. Ostentation
6. Above.
7. View.
8. Kind of fruit.
9. Untruthful person.
10. Ascend.
11. Stem of a tree.
16. An estimate
18. Desired ardently.
21. Hunted animal.
23. Step.
24. Push.
26. Mock.
27. Rogue.
28. Avoid.
30. Edible offal.
31. Enticed.
32. Measured.
34. Ruler's staff.
37. Filled to satisfaction
40. Luminous circle.
41. An eruption
43. Thin cord.
45. Black.
47. Word puzzle.
48. Followed by clues.
50. Bunkum.
53. Extravagant.
54. Portion.
55. Feeble.
56. Volcanic substance.
57. Possess.
58. Dread.
61. Neither.
63. Fasten.

The solution of our last week's Puzzle will be found on this page

M	A	Z	E		S	T	A	M	P		D	A	M	N
O	R	E		S	H	A	V	E		D	E	F	O	E
S	C	A	R		A	V	E	R	T		R	A	T	E
S		L	A	R	D	E	R		R	A	M	R	O	D
	A		B	E	E	R		L	I	R	A		R	
P	R	O	B	E		N	O	I	S	I	L	Y		E
R	E	V	I	L	E		R	E	E	D		E	A	R
U	N	I	T		B	L	A	N	C		D	A	G	O
N	A	N		B	O	O	T		T	O	R	R	I	D
E		E	V	A	N	G	E	L		B	A	S	L	E
	C		I	R	I	S		O	T	I	C		E	
G	A	R	R	E	T		W	O	R	T	H	Y		M
E	M	I	T		E	R	A	S	E		M	E	T	E
R	E	C	U	R		I	D	E	A	L		L	I	S
M	O	K	E		A	G	E	N	T		F	L	E	D

Solution to the Cross-word Puzzle in our last issue.

FOR A MEAD 400A
You only pay 2/6
till you have ridden the bicycle a month



Send for full details of our All British 400A 'Marvel'—the finest cycle ever offered on such exceptionally easy terms. Embodies every up-to-date improvement. Richly enamelled, brilliantly plated lined in colours. Fully warranted. Sent packed free, carriage paid. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Accessories CHEAP. Write TO-DAY for illustrated art catalogue of 23 new models.

£4-7-6 CASH

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Eczema and all other Skin Diseases Completely and Permanently cured by this wonderful Herbal Treatment, which gets right down to the root of the trouble in the system. Every case treated individually with an experience extending over 40 years. Send post card for FREE BOOK sent under plain cover.

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RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 669.

WINNER OF THE "JOHN BULL" IDEAL HOME, Furniture, Car and 1,000 gns. OR 3,000 gns. CASH.

MR. WILLIAM BELL,
3, Williamson Avenue, Dumbarton.
Example:—ARMY AND NAVY
Bullet:—MAKE MEN—DESTROY MANKIND.

SECOND PRIZE OF £250:
C. LAWRENCE, 20, Glenlea Road, Eltham, S.E.
Example:—MODERN BABY
Bullet:—HOW RUNS THE HOUSE.

THIRD PRIZE OF £100:
E. A. SIMS, 13, Lyndale Road, Whitchall, Bristol.
Example:—SWORD OF JUSTICE
Bullet:—LET'S MAKE LEAGUE'S PEN.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)

FOURTH PRIZE OF £50:
W. DUCKWORTH, 16, Beghelgist Road, Darwen.
Example:—BETTER FOR EVERYBODY
Bullet:—OR WORSE FOR GOVERNMENT.

FIFTH PRIZE OF £25:
J. W. CALTON, 5, Nellies Terrace, Shipley, Yorks.
Example:—GODS OF WAR
Bullet:—PUNISH NATIONS FOR *Obeying*.

20 Prizes of £5 each:

...ERN, 121, Main St., Spittal, Berwick-on-Tweed.
...DERN BABY—AMERICAN CUSTOMS EXAMINED
...BOTTLE.
...E. COOKE, Goasnargh, Preston, Lancs.
...SS AMERICA—AFTER "LORD," NOT "MASTER."
...V. COLLINS, 218, Dale Street, Chatham.
...OMETHING TO REMEMBER—FATE ONLY *Deals* CARDS.
...KOSE, 30B, Dundyvan Road, Coatbridge.
...RMY AND NAVY—OUR "WATCH-DOGS"—AND "CHAINS."
...P. DALY, 2, Newlands Street, Liverpool.
...ASTHAY—STOPPING "LEAKAGES" WITH "SACK-ING."
...FORD, Bowsden, Berwick-on-Tweed.
...HEN CHILDREN GROW UP—PROUD OF YOUNG DAD
...E. M. GENBY, Oxford Road, Wokingham.
...HAT'S WRONG WITH PARLIAMENT—"SWEEPING" MAJORITY—"COWERS" REMAIN.
(Entered on "Target" Prize coupon.)
...UNTER, 60, Aytoun Road, Brixton, S.W.
...NNY POST—"TIE" NEXT GOVERNMENT TO.
...F. HARVEY, c/o Westminster Bank, Ltd., Hay-market.
...HAT'S WRONG WITH PARLIAMENT—TOO MANY MEMBERS "STRANGERS."
...Y. LISHMAN, 19, Linden Avenue, Altrincham.
...RVING A CAREER—HACK—DON'T BECOME ONE.
...LYNAGH, Wagon Road, Brightons, Polmont.
...ACK ON EARTH—WHEN CONTINENTS "BIG FIVE."
...MILLAN, Morton, Tinmouth, Darlington.
...ATION'S PRICE—REMEMBER WHEN "ORDERING" LIFE.
...THOMLEY, Cross Keys, Tebay, Penrith.
...LIFE'S DRAMA—DRAMA ENTERS FEW LIVES.
...RANDALL, Wanside, Norman Avenue, Abingdon.
...KING SPEECHES — CALLING ROCKS AHEAD "UTOPIA."

(Continued on page 14.)

How To Make "Bullets."

THERE is nothing difficult about *Bullets*. All you have to do is this. Select any of the *Examples* below—then give any TWO, THREE, or FOUR words with some bearing upon it. The following specimen "Bullets" have all won big prizes:—

Example:—HOW TO BEHAVE
Bullet:—FORGET "SELF," NOT "YOURSELF."
Example:—NEEDS REDUCING
Bullet:—CHURCH, TO "COMMON *Denomination*."
Example:—A TRAGEDY
Bullet:—PAWNBROKER'S "PLEDGE" SUBSTITUTING GOVERNMENT'S.

Enclose a postal order at the rate of 6d. for each coupon used—*see Rule 2*.

EXAMPLES FOR "BULLETS" 672.

COMING TO BRITAIN
OUR DUTY
OTHER NATIONS
ROAD TO HEAVEN
TEAM SPIRIT
"GOT A JOB?"
BURNING HER FINGERS
MACHINERY OF THE LAW
WHY LIFE'S LIKE MOTORING
ALWAYS HELPS
TELLING HER
A CURSE
FOOLS
RULE OF THE ROAD
FATHER'S MONEY
HOW TO BE FAMOUS
RUINED
WHAT THE LOSER SAID
BLUE BLOOD
A GOOD TIME
SAFER
TICKLES ME
WHEN ENGAGED
IF WIVES WERE PAID
INDIGNANTLY
FOR NOTHING
NEEDLESS TO SAY
SELF-MADE MAN
LIKE A ROCK
DISAPPOINTING
SELDOM REGRETTED.
WHAT IS SPEED?

Address Coupons:—"Bullets" No. 672, "John Bull," Long Acre, London, W.C.2 (Comp.)

Example _____ **Closing Date, Thursday, April 12.**
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(672) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 34. With 1 Coupon, send P.O. for 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ **Closing Date, Thursday, April 12.**
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(672) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 34. With 2 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s.
Signed _____
Address _____

Use Two, Three or Four words. Enter name and address on each coupon.

Example _____ **Closing Date, Thursday, April 12.**
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(672) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 34. With 3 Coupons, send P.O. for 1s. 6d.
Signed _____
Address _____

Example _____ **Closing Date, Thursday, April 12.**
Bullet _____
Example _____
Bullet _____
(672) P.O. No. _____
I agree to enter this Competition in accordance with the rules and conditions announced on page 34. With 4 Coupons, send P.O. for 2s.
Signed _____
Address _____

If you wish to send in further "Bullets" you can write them on plain paper

SPECIAL NEWSAGENTS' PRIZES.—Cheques for £5, £2 and £1 respectively will be paid to the Newsagents from whom the winners of the three chief "Bullets" Prizes in Competition No. 672 have purchased their copies of "John Bull."

The finest Shaving-edge that Steel will take!

RUN your fingers over your face after using a Gillette Blade. Be critical. Notice especially the corners of the jaw—the point of the chin and other difficult to shave places!

You find smoothness everywhere. Not a trace of beard growth left.

The Gillette Blade is made of the finest blade steel under a perfected process of manufacturing. Vigilant inspections ensure consistent high quality.

Used in combination with the Gillette Safety Razor it is the ideal way to a perfect shave.

In packets of 10 (20 shaving edges) ... **4/6**

Per packet of 5 (10 shaving edges) ... **2/3**

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Gillette

SAFETY RAZOR

BLADES

GILLETTE SAFETY RAZOR Ltd., 184-188, Great Portland St., London, W.1

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